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THE PARADISE OF ART AND SCIENCE.

NOTHING more pestilential than a great official job can afflict the body politic, and therefore it is that we turn our attention this week to South Kensington, to the building which, luckily for Captain Fowke, is too rickety to perpetuate his memory, and to the future of that ignoble edifice.

No sooner was the building planned than a job was suspected. The intrigues of a certain set of fancy savans to gather the museums, the art institutions, the colleges of science in London, into a remote corner of it, and to preside over the exiled whole as if they had become its owners, came out about that time, and were indignantly scouted. Public opinion was far too keen in the winter of 1861-2 to permit the plans of the intriguers to be bedded out with any prospect of thriving, and so they were taken in again to await a more clement season. But that

was only *one* chance of ultimate success; and the friends of art and science were too sagacious, too audacious, to rely altogether upon the temper of an ignorant but straightforward British public. *They* had made up their intelligent minds upon the matter; and though the people and the people's representatives might not allow themselves to listen to the voice of Art (in the person of Mr. Cole), and of Science (in the person of nobody knows who exactly), Art and Science were not to be balked of taking up their exclusive abode at Brompton; and the Exhibition building was planned accordingly.

So said the malcontents then. Feeling very much like a peasantry which sees in the fine new granary in course of erection by a benevolent Grand Duke the rudiments of a fortress, they loudly demanded what all Captain Fowke's brick and mortar meant. That Sir Joseph Paxton's beautiful palace

should be razed in the very year it was built, was regretted by almost everybody from the moment it was seen. That the second Exhibition building should be permanent was regarded as a disaster even *before* it was seen, all because of this grand amalgamation of museums and picture-galleries scheme, and when Captain Fowke's design did appear—horror upon horrors! *That* to be a permanent building? and, if not, why those stupendous masses of brickwork? The dodge was apparent enough. The design was to pile up the skeleton of a vast solid building, capable of being made handsome; and then, when the exhibition was done, to turn about and say, "Now here, by a quite unexpected piece of luck, is just the very palace in which your art treasures, your scientific treasures, your Henry Cole, C.B., your natural history collections, should be collected in one grand, harmonious assembly! It is to be had for a song—for



THE GRAND BALL GIVEN BY THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON TO THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, AT THE GUILDHALL.
THE ROYAL QUADRILLE.—SEE PAGE 423.

the value of old material. What a pity it would be to neglect such a splendid chance!" This is what the grumblers declared would happen, and the grumblers were snubbed down or explained away. We are not sure that their prophecies were not stigmatised as "aspersions," and so forth; at any rate, the public were distinctly given to understand that the commissioners had no secondary views, and that all the suspicious brickwork was actually necessary to house the show in.

But now we see that the grumblers were right. Everything has fallen out as they prophesied: only that the building is not solid, and it is not capable of being made handsome. The job, however, is a very pretty one—a thing of perfect growth; and, that it might have every chance of perpetuation, Lord Palmerston himself went down to the House of Commons on Monday night to sanction it.

At the time we write, however, the success of Lord Palmerston's proposition is still doubtful. But, whether he succeeds in carrying it or not, we must take the liberty of protesting against it; and these are the grounds of our protest:—

That schemes for the public advantage ignobly promoted are not acceptable.

That this scheme, if it could be carried out as its designers pretend, would not be for the public advantage; and

That the scheme cannot be carried out as its designers pretend; but that it is delusive in all but the remotest particular.

As to the first of these objections we propose to say little. The facts are pretty well known, and they have led to a tolerably unanimous verdict. Only one thing we will say, because it is in many men's minds who hesitate to declare it openly—that the reverence of the country for the late Prince Consort is in danger of being traded on by a clique who pretend to be the depositories of his wisdom and his taste. When Mr. Gladstone plays the tyrant in the House of Commons, flinging about the unjust fires of his sarcasm with the vigour of an intellectual bully who knows he is made invincible by wit, we may tolerate the spectacle, especially as, in the end, it will certainly bring its own punishment; but it is quite another thing to submit to the dictation in important public affairs of half a dozen people of no authority whatever, simply because they once had the honour of working with an able man. When Sir Francis Sandford, or Captain Fowke, or Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., nod their heads and say they know what the Prince Consort wished and what he meant, we take the liberty to doubt it, in the first place; and in the next, are absolutely convinced that he never authorised any one to promote his wishes in an under-hand way. That is what we resent.

That the scheme of the South Kensington savans, if carried out, would prove disadvantageous is the opinion of students on the one hand and the sightseeing public on the other. To the savans it may appear a grand, millennial sort of thing to turn study into a fair, with multitudes going and coming, with brass bands "in attendance," refreshment-booths, and so forth; but the pursuit of knowledge in a mob is not at all according to the taste of true lovers of art and science. They want as much quiet as possible, as much seclusion as possible, and the scheme before us provides for the minimum of both. You go to the Museum of Patents, and you find it crowded by a listless set of persons who have done the picture-galleries, and have nothing else to do. An arrangement which brings about that state of things cannot possibly benefit the student, and he has to share the other disadvantages of the place.

Strange as it may seem to certain persons, all the studios do not live in South Kensington. We can well understand that Mr. Cole, for instance, may have a theory that they ought to live there. Nothing can be more natural, indeed; but in this case, as in every other, theory must give way to fact. Brompton is a distant suburb of a vast city, and people will always be found living at other extreme ends of it who have as much taste for pictures, and patents, and stuffed beasts, and artistical bread-plates, and models of New Zealanders, as any of the magnates at the South Kensington Museum; and if these unfortunates—the majority—are not to be punished for living in unaristocratic localities, we should like to know what advantage they are to get for travelling across all London in pursuit of their investigations. Again; did it never occur to the projectors of this scheme that a museum may be in a man's neighbourhood and yet out of his way? It is only a quarter of a mile to the left, say; but to go to the left at all is to leave the path of daily life; and a quarter of a mile in that direction is practically further than a mile in the other. However, it requires no argument at all to show that an institution for the benefit of a whole city ought not to be placed at one end of it, but, as nearly as possible, in the centre. As for the working classes, they seem to be put out of the question altogether. What would the denizens of the S.W. district think of a proposition to send our museums and picture galleries to Brentford, or to squat them on Barnes Common? The notion is intolerable; and yet the tens of thousands who dwell east and north of London Bridge have as much reason to resent the proposal to send the British Museum—or all the museums that they care about—to Brompton.

We now come to our last objection—that the scheme cannot be carried out as the designers pretend it can. The "bargain" so temptingly paraded is delusive; and we should only have to purchase a disadvantage at a most costly price. It is impossible to read the estimates put forward by Lord Palmerston on Monday night, in a speech which too obviously betrayed the weakness of his convictions, without seeing that the whole thing is a delusion and a snare. The ground is cheap, no doubt, and that was well bought; but to give £80,000 for a building which must soon fall, or which must be pulled down, or which must exhaust five

times its original cost to make it tolerably comely or stable, is a wanton waste of money. Not but that we concede too much in assuming that the edifice can ever be made stable or comely. To rebuild three-fourths of it and to stucco the rest appears to be Lord Palmerston's proposition; but we hope and believe that by the time this sheet reaches the reader's hands that proposition, or the whole scheme, will be finally condemned. If not, we may then prepare for the perpetration of a lingering, ruinous, disgraceful job.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Government has now been defeated in every one of the nine electoral districts of Paris. Its last candidate, a citizen of Paris and a highly respectable man, was beaten hollow on Monday evening, M. Guerout, the Opposition candidate, having been returned in the sixth district—in which the Faubourg St. Germain, the aristocratic quarter of the city, is comprised—by a large majority. This is not all, for in the Charente, Aisne, Gironde, Nord, Haut-Rhin, Rhône, Seine-et-Oise, and Seine Inférieure, where a second ballot also took place, five Opposition candidates were turned; but the most worthy of note is that of Versailles (Seine-et-Oise), where the influence of Government should be great in consequence of the large body of troops always stationed there, and where one of the most distinguished Generals of the army—Mellinet—has been beaten by a candidate but little known, but of decided Opposition opinions. The Government candidate at Bo deaux had a majority of only forty votes over the Opposition candidate. His Imperial Majesty's opposition will now number about thirty of the ablest men in France, though, to be sure, they are not all of the same way of thinking on many points, and, therefore, may not always act together.

The Emperor has addressed to General Forey a letter of congratulation upon the fall of Puebla, which is fully confirmed, as will be seen from the despatch of the French Commander, which we give below. The Emperor highly eulogises the courage and perseverance of the army and deprecates the loss of so many brave men, but declares it a consolation to remember that their blood has not been uselessly shed for the interests and honour of France and of civilisation. His Majesty again assures the world that the object of France is not to impose upon the Mexicans a Government against their will; but simply that Mexico may be regenerated by a Government founded on the national sentiment, and by the true principles of order and progress. It is said that General Forey will immediately be raised to the rank of Marshal, and that General Bazaine will be made a senator.

BELGIUM.

There has just been a general election in Belgium, the precise results of which are now known. There were 59 deputies to be named, and of the members going out 31 belonged to the Liberal party and 28 to the Catholics. The late returns have given 34 to the latter and only 25 to the Liberals, so that nine votes have been taken from the Parliamentary majority of the Rogier Ministry. The Government party, computing all its forces, could not previously reckon on a majority of more than ten or twelve votes. Hence the situation of the Cabinet becomes critical.

ITALY.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs, in reply to questions asked in the Parliament on Saturday, stated that Italian policy on the Roman question had not varied with respect to the accord between Italy and France. "The Government," he said, "is always disposed to treat on the basis of the principle of non-intervention." Relative to Poland, the Minister said—"In the Polish question Italy could not follow a passive policy. I shall not reply to questions bearing upon future eventualities; but Italy is too strong for her influence not to be calculated in a European concert."

PRUSSIA.

The King has refused to receive a deputation from the Town Council of Breslau or to accept the address which that body had adopted. The warnings to the press are continued, several journals having received notification that they had transgressed the limits of comment which the Government considered allowable. It is asserted that M. von Bismarck urged the King to publicly reprimand the Prince of Prussia for the speech he lately delivered at Danzig, but that his Majesty contented himself with writing a private letter to his son, which the latter, after reading and showing it to his wife, quietly put into his pocket.

It is stated that the Emperor of Austria will pay a visit to the King of Prussia at Carlsbad towards the end of the present month.

THE GREEK THRONE.

Letters from Copenhagen announce that Count Sponebeck, a distinguished Danish financier, will accompany King George to Athens, but will have no official title. No regency is to be established. The King will take the reins of government immediately on his arrival. The departure of his Majesty for Greece will take place shortly. So at least it is believed in the Danish capital.

AUSTRIA.

The Archduke Karl Ludwig, as representative of the Emperor, opened the Reichsrath in state on Thursday in the Hall of Ceremony. The members of the Reichsrath assembled on the previous day in the Cathedral of St. Stephen for the celebration of high mass.

THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.

THE incidents of the war in Poland continue of much the same character as heretofore. The Poles are reported to have beaten the Russians in various encounters, and to have suffered defeat in others; but the insurrection still continues as vigorous as ever, for if suppressed at one point it immediately blazes out in others, and seems to spread over districts in which it was never believed that disaffection to the Czar's rule existed. The National Government seems to possess much greater power than the Grand Duke Constantine, and to control events which he is powerless to influence. The greatest puzzle to the Russian authorities is, that it is utterly unable to discover who constitute this mysterious yet powerful body, and what are the means by which it makes its wishes implicitly obeyed. The most notable features of the struggle now, however, are the ferocious severities which the Russian commanders are everywhere resorting to.

In Lithuania, since the arrival of the new Governor-General Mouravieff, every day has been marked by an execution. On Monday a telegraphic despatch from Cracow stated that Count Plater had been hanged at Wilna by order of the Governor-General; adding that a young student, M. Henri Albicht, and a priest, M. Konarski, had met with the same fate at Warsaw. The Russian official journals contain a list of all the executions which have taken place during the past week at Wilna, amongst which are those of the priest Zsorn, aged twenty-eight years, shot; Priest Zicmalcki, aged sixty years, shot; M. De Laskowicz, shot; M. De Kolyako, hanged. The most illustrious of these victims, Count Leon Plater, bears one of the oldest and most honoured names in Poland. M. De Kolyako belongs also to an ancient and illustrious family. What adds to the odiousness of these barbarous executions is that none of the men who have just been struck down were taken with arms in their hands. Count Plater was arrested in his chateau, and the sole complaint made against him by the Russian Government was that he had concealed arms. All those who were handed over to the executioner at the same time as Count Plater were arrested before the proclamation of the amnesty. It is now stated that General Mouravieff has issued an ordinance proclaiming that the penalty of the knot is to be inflicted upon all ladies who

dare to dress in mourning. Several ladies are detained by him as hostages, and are threatened with death unless their husbands surrender themselves to the authorities.

A letter from Cracow, of the 9th inst., states that among the Russian officers remarkable for their cruelty is General Count Tull. Having been appointed to guard the railway, he arrogates to himself the right of life and death over all the inhabitants of the districts through which the railway passes. Having lately occupied the town of Ostrow, in the district of Ostrolenka, with two companies of infantry and 100 Cossacks, he searched all the houses, and threatened the women and children that if they were discovered to hold communication with the insurgents they should be flogged to death. He sent for a wealthy Israelite, named Berck, and said to him, "You are the owner of a house in this town?" "Yes," replied Berck. "Is there not a tailor living in that house?" "Yes." "How is he employed?" screamed the General, clenching his fists at the same time. "He lives by his labour." "You are a liar; he makes uniforms for the insurgents." "I have not seen him, and I cannot tell anything about that," "Well," replied the General, "to teach you to know henceforth what your tenants are doing you shall receive 200 lashes." The General's decrees was punctually executed by the Cossacks, and the unfortunate Berck died two hours afterwards. The General set out the following day for the town of Brok, and on his passage commanded that the State forests should be set on fire. By his command 750 acres of full-grown timber were consumed.

The Archbishop of Warsaw, M. Felinski, having expressed disapproval of the cruelties perpetrated on the people, has been compelled to leave the Polish capital and retire to St. Petersburg. Meanwhile diplomacy gets on slowly and formally. Some of the Paris papers say that the notes of the three Powers, which are described as perfectly harmonious in their tone, are to be despatched to St. Petersburg at once. According to other statements, however, the month may reach its close before the documents are sent off.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

We have news from New York to the evening of the 6th instant. At the date of the last advices received from Vicksburg, the 2nd inst., affairs there remained in much the same condition as before. General Grant, having completely failed to take the place by assault, had commenced to intrench himself and to invest the Confederate stronghold by regular siege operations. He is stated to have planted siege guns close up to the enemy's works, while the gun-boats bombarded the city from the river. The Confederate General Joseph Johnston was last reported as at Jackson, collecting an army to relieve Vicksburg, which he had promised to do in fifteen days; other reports, however, state that General Johnston was marching upon Memphis; and others, again, that he was about to attempt the recapture of Haines Bluff, in order to cut off Grant's connection with the Yazoo River; and it is stated that one division of the Federal army had gone up that river, probably to check, if necessary, the movements of the Confederate leader.

General Banks had made an attack upon the land defences of Port Hudson, with an army of 20,000 men, and after desperate fighting had been repulsed, or at least checked. The attack was commenced on the 27th, and was continued on the following day. General Banks directed the movements in person. General Weitzel, who commanded the Federal extreme right, had captured a battery and turned the guns upon the Confederates. General J. W. Sherman had been repulsed, with heavy loss, in an attack upon the enemy's right. The 2nd Louisiana Native Guard (coloured) lost 600 out of 900 men. The total Federal loss is admitted to be 3000 on the 27th, while it is stated to have been "heavy" on the 28th also. General Sherman and many other officers of high rank were severely wounded.

A very important movement is reported to have taken place at Fredericksburg. Lee had evacuated that place, and gone it was not known where. Hooker had crossed the Rappahannock and taken possession of Fredericksburg. Great anxiety prevailed at Washington, Baltimore, and Alexandria, as to the safety of those cities, as it was believed General Lee meditated an invasion of the Northern States.

The Confederates are said to intend hanging some of the officers lately under Straight's command, because negroes were found in the ranks of the captured company. General Hunter had threatened a bloody retaliation, and the exchange of officers was stopped until the intention of the Confederates in the matter was definitely ascertained. Meanwhile, President Lincoln has announced his intention to use the coloured soldiers freely, and has expressed his readiness to give General Fremont a high command.

Letters from New Orleans of the 23rd ult. report that two Confederate ironclads from Mobile had run out of the harbour and captured the Federal ship of war Vincennes and sunk the store-ship Relief, which were lying at Ship Island.

Admiral Foote had been appointed to relieve Admiral Dupont in command of the South Atlantic squadron, and it was expected that a fresh attack on Charleston would soon be made. The report that the assault had already taken place appears to have been unfounded. It was asserted that Admiral Wilkes had been superseded in the command of the West Indian squadron by Commodore Lardner, in consequence of representations made to the Federal Government by Lord Lyons.

A great peace meeting, convened under the auspices of the Hon. Fernando Wood and the Mozart Hall section of the Democratic party, took place at the Cooper Institution on the evening of the 3rd inst. A vast crowd of people attended, casually estimated at from 20,000 to 50,000, and much enthusiasm was manifested. Speeches were made by Mr. Wood, Judge McCann, A. S. Sullivan, Marshal Rynders, and others, all advocating immediate peace on any terms, and some of them the recognition of Southern independence. The resolutions adopted denied the right of the Government under the Constitution to coerce the seceded States; asserted that the war was fast consuming all the resources of the country; that by its continuance the South and the North must alike crumble into ruin, and recommended, in the name of the people, the suspension of hostilities and a resort to conventions both at the North and South, to determine upon what conditions the contending factions might be reconciled. It was at one time feared that the Central Government would have attempted to prevent the meeting, and that serious disturbances would ensue. No interference, however, took place, and all passed off peacefully.

President Lincoln had made another concession to public opinion. General Burnside having violently suppressed the *Chicago Times*, and prohibited the circulation of the Democratic organ, the *New York World*, in his district, strong remonstrances were made against these proceedings. The President notified the General of his disapproval of them, and the orders had in consequence been recalled.

The President had accepted an invitation of the Union League of Philadelphia to be present at the national celebration on the 4th of July. A meeting of the editors of the New York journals had been called for Monday, the 8th inst., to take into consideration the exact extent to which criticisms upon acts of officers of the Government may be carried.

THE CAPTURE OF PUEBLA.

The French Minister of War has received the following report from General Forey announcing the capture of Puebla and the surrender of General Ortega's army:—

M. le Maréchal—Puebla is in our hands! The combat of San Lorenzo having dispersed the corps d'armée of Comonfort, which sought to force our line of investment and to throw supplies into Puebla, where the garrison was already suffering from hunger, although it had taken possession of everything available; on the other hand, a trench having been opened before the Fort of Tólotim-huacan, and our batteries of thirty guns, of various calibre, having opened their fire on the 16th against that fort, and in two hours completely destroyed its works, two vigorous attacks were made upon the place. General Ortega, at this juncture, made an offer of capitulation. But he had the presumption to ask to leave with all the honours of war, with arms, baggage, and artillery, to withdraw to Mexico. I declined all these strange proposals, telling him he might leave with all the honours of war, but that his army must march past the French army, lay down their arms, and remain prisoners of war, promising to him all those concessions

which are customary among civilised people when a garrison has bravely performed its duties.

These proposals were not accepted by General Ortega, who, in the night between the 16th and 17th, disbanded his army, destroyed the weapons, spiked his guns, blew up the powder magazines, and sent me an envoy to say that the garrison had completed its defence and surrendered at discretion.

It was scarcely daylight when 12,000 men, most of them without arms or uniforms, which they had cast away in the streets, surrendered as prisoners, and the officers, numbering from 1000 to 1200, of whom 26 were Generals and 200 superior officers, informed me that they awaited my orders at the Palace of the Government.

All the matériel of the place is in our hands, and has not been so much damaged as was supposed.

I hasten to forward this despatch to your Excellency, with instructions to Vera Cruz to send a fast steamer to the Havannah, so that the news should reach Europe, via New York, before the English steamer which would leave Vera Cruz on the 1st of June, and will bring you a detailed account of our situation.

The army is in high spirits, and will advance in a few days on Mexico.

THE OXFORD COMMEMORATION.

COMMEMORATION at Oxford has this year been celebrated with more than ordinary éclat, in consequence of the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Great preparations had been made for the occasion, and the city wore a perfectly holiday aspect, though the unsatisfactory state of the weather on Tuesday to a considerable degree spoiled the effect which would otherwise have been produced. We shall next week publish Illustrations of the most interesting incidents of the commemoration, but in the meantime give some account of the proceedings.

ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

On the arrival of their Royal Highnesses the High-street was thronged with spectators; every window and balcony was crowded with ladies; the houses were dressed with rosettes and evergreens; and banners, mottoes, and devices, more or less suited to the occasion, fluttered in all directions. The reception took place on Magdalen Bridge, which was, of course, the great centre of attraction; for, though the decorations were feebly prolonged down the Ifley-road, till they were brought to a sudden stop by a most scrubby arch, in the style known as carpenter's gothic, yet, as far as real and becoming preparation went, it may be said to have ceased entirely on the Oxford side of the picturesque old bridge which spans the Cherwell at Magdalen. Viewed from beyond this bridge, the scene was one of striking beauty, with all the towers and pinnacles of Oxford peering through the trees, with the Botanic Gardens on the one side, and the old gray windows filled with flowers, and the noble tower of Magdalen filling up the middle distance, on the other. The University and civic authorities arrived here only a few minutes before the time fixed for the reception of the Royal visitors, and had hardly arranged themselves in double lines along the bridge when the rain, which had until now been gentle, came down with swamping vehemence, and in the midst of this the Royal cortège drew up. It was a plain travelling chariot drawn by four horses, and preceded by two outriders in scarlet liveries; while in front of all came the Duke of Marlborough, as Lord Lieutenant of the county. Just on entering the bridge the Royal carriage stopped, and the Prince gave orders that the hood should be thrown back, and for the rest of the route to Christchurch their Royal Highnesses sat exposed to the heavy, pitiless shower with the most perfect indifference.

Unfortunately, just as the cortège reached the bridge, the pressure of the country people who had gathered in the Ifley-road quite overpowered the police and volunteers in their efforts to keep the pathway clear; and the Royal carriage was instantly surrounded by a mixed crowd, whose boisterous and hearty cheering and pushing to see the Princesses marred the very meagre ceremony which constitutes the presentation of an address. These coarser elements, which so easily interfered with the University display, were with some difficulty weeded out by the police, and the Royal procession continued its course up the High-street to Christchurch, amid the most enthusiastic demonstrations of welcome, in spite of the drenching rain, which now came down in streams.

DISTRIBUTION OF VOLUNTEER PRIZES.

Large crowds of ladies and gentlemen had assembled in the Quadrangle of Christchurch College, where they waited with much patience, notwithstanding the heavy fall of rain. Shortly before noon the University Volunteers marched into the Quad, and took up a position in a continuous double line, forming two sides of a triangle, and reaching from the gate to the centre of the upper terrace. About a quarter to one o'clock the great gates of Tom Tower swung open and revealed the outriders of the Royal party in their scarlet liveries. Instantly there was a general furling of umbrellas, and all at once the dismal mass of silken and gingham screens which marked the terraces was changed, like a trick in a pantomime, into a variegated throng of gaily-dressed people, as fresh, brilliant, and many-hued as the prize-bank at a flower show. At the same time the band struck up "God Save the Queen," the volunteers presented arms, and amid general cheering the Royal cortège drove up to the flight of steps at the upper terrace, where they were received under an awning by Dr. Liddell, the Dean of Christchurch; Archdeacon Clarke, the Sub-Dean, and the other dignitaries of the College. Giving his arm to the Princess, the Dean led his illustrious guests to the apartments provided for them in his own house. During the next quarter of an hour the spectators again retired, gloomily, under their umbrellas. The Royal party then returned to the awning, under which the volunteer prizes had been arranged. The Princess, who seemed to suffer somewhat from the damp, chilly atmosphere to which she had been exposed during her drive through the town, wore a warm woollen wrapper over her mauve silk dress. Lieutenant-Colonel Bowyer handed the cups and other articles to her Royal Highness, who presented them to the winners with a natural and kindly courtesy which seemed to bespeak an almost personal interest in the success of each. When the distribution of prizes was concluded, the Princess expressed a desire to see the corps perform some of their exercises. Lieutenant-Colonel Bowyer willingly acceded to the request, and put his men through several movements, concluding with the marching past of the whole regiment in open columns of companies.

MAKING THE PRINCE A D.C.L.

At a quarter past two the Prince and Princess retired to the deanery, which they again quitted half an hour afterwards to go to the Sheldonian Theatre, where the ceremony of conferring the degree of D.C.L. upon his Royal Highness and several other distinguished personages was to be gone through. The doors of the theatre were opened at half-past one, and within ten minutes the building was filled with quite as many as it could comfortably hold, and the numbers who were afterwards continually added made the place at last absolutely intolerable from its heat and the stifling crowd. Of course, on such a day the badinage and chaffing in which the undergraduates usually indulge on public occasions were ten times more rampant and boisterous than ever. While waiting the arrival of the Royal party and the "dons" of the University, the undergraduates "eased their minds," as they called it, with bitter chaff of high officials, and giving vent to the pent-up animosities of the academic year in a series of groans and cheers for unpopular or popular dons, as the case might be; and in bantering any unfortunate personage who, from dress or otherwise, attracted their attention. Then there were cheers for the Queen, Prince, and Princess—such shouts! hisses and cheers for Mr. Gladstone, tumultuous applause for Lord Derby, the married ladies, the unmarried ladies, the ladies who wish to be and will be married, the ladies in blue bonnets, the ladies in pink dresses, and lastly, as embracing the whole scope of the fair sex, the ladies in crinolines. The clamour was deafening, the heat and densely-swaying crowd fearful; it was a perfect academic Pandemonium, above and below, everywhere save in the amphitheatre, where the ladies sat comfortably, though they could not coolly, and surveyed the uproarious scene around with keen relish of its unwatched humour and banter.

The Archbishops and Bishops, with the great dignitaries of the College, entered shortly before three o'clock, and at three the Prince and Princess appeared, when a scene ensued which will not easily be

forgotten by those who witnessed it. The whole assemblage rose, and the undergraduates, starting to their feet with a deafening cheer, waved caps, gowns, handkerchiefs in the air, and stamped their feet in the ecstasy of their enthusiasm till the building trembled in a manner that was almost alarming. Never since the theatre was built have its walls echoed and vibrated to such a long, hearty, and absolutely deafening outburst as the young Prince advanced, bowing with courteous grace from side to side, and leading his fair young wife, who was quite unable to conceal the expression of absolute astonishment in her face at this astounding welcome.

The Prince wore his uniform and ribbon of the Garter, and over it his academic gown. The Princess was dressed plainly and simply, in ordinary morning costume. With them came Lord Derby, in his splendid robes as Chancellor of the University; the Duke of Newcastle and Marlborough; Earls Granville, Spencer, Mount-Edgcombe; Lord Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli, General Knollys, Dr. Travers Twiss, Dr. Liddell, Dr. Jelf, &c.

The Chancellor occupied his own seat; the Prince and Princess sat on his right in chairs of State; and, all having taken their places, waited patiently till the long cheering should come to an end. This it did at last, after an interval of some ten minutes, gradually dying out, and then reviving with redoubled force, and again, as some one called out for "one cheer more," or shouted "the Princess," when again and again the clamour of cheers broke forth. At last the Chancellor rose, and would have begun his oration, when the audience was seized with a fresh fit of enthusiasm, almost as long and quite as loud as that which went before, and Lord Derby had to resume his seat until this had passed away like the rest. At length, comparative quiet reigned, and the Chancellor rose again, and a silence fell on the whole assembly so profound as to be almost startling in its contrast with the previous din. Even the crushed and heated occupants of the body of the theatre seemed to forget their long and tedious sufferings, as the proceedings commenced with a very long and quickly-delivered oration in Latin from the noble Chancellor. To this address the undergraduates listened attentively, and rewarded the well-merited, yet simply paid, compliments to the Prince and graceful allusions to his fair young bride with stentorian bursts of applause.

At the conclusion of the address the usual dry formula was gone through, and the Chancellor presented the diploma conferring the degree of Doctor in Civil Law on his Royal Highness amid prolonged applause. After the usual presentation by the Regius Professor of Civil Law (Dr. Travers Twiss), the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred on Lord Spencer, Lord Mount-Edgcombe, Lord Harris, and General Knollys.

Congratulatory poems were then delivered on the occasion of the Royal visit by two undergraduates, and this was decidedly the heaviest and least satisfactory portion of the day's proceedings. As specimens of Oxford poetry they were very bad; as specimens of how the undergraduates committed their studies to memory they were worse; and as specimens of delivery they were worst of all. The orators faltered, blundered, forgot the words of the odes they were reciting, and altogether made a rather poor figure, which was rendered still more ridiculous by the running commentary of anything but complimentary remarks kept up by the boisterous undergraduates in the gallery. At length the odes were over, and with this the special congregation closed, and amid the same cheers and shoutings, the Prince and Princess left, and everyone hurried out into the rain; for there was still a flower show to be visited, a bazaar to be opened, a banquet to be eaten, and a ball to be danced. Bad as the rain was, however, the Prince and Princess braved it in an open carriage as before, though from her repeated exposure to the rain the dress of her Royal Highness must by that time have been, to say the least, very damp indeed.

The Prince and Princess accomplished the duties of the afternoon when they had paid a visit to the Fancy Fair for the benefit of the Radcliffe Infirmary in St. John's Gardens, and the Horticultural Show in the adjoining grounds of Trinity, and in the evening were entertained at a grand State banquet in the hall of Christchurch. This noble old hall has lately been renovated, and on this occasion presented an exceedingly brilliant appearance. The programme of the evening was completed by a visit of the Prince and Princess to the Masonic hall in the Corn Exchange.

THE GREAT DAY OF COMMEMORATION.

Wednesday was the great Commemoration Day at Oxford. The Sheldonian Theatre was again crowded to excess, and again there were the noisy demonstrations of the undergraduates. Degrees were conferred on the Danish Minister, Earl Granville, the Duke of Newcastle, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Whiteside, Sir Hugh Cairns, and Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald. Each recipient of the honour was vociferously cheered as he was presented to the Chancellor, and so were the more distinguished of the visitors, without much distinction of party; but the loudest cheers of all were reserved, as on the previous day, for the Prince and Princess—cheers being called for and given in their honour, again and again, all through the proceedings. There was afterwards a boat-race, a barquet at Exeter College; and a grand ball, given by the members of Christ Church, wound up the festivities of the day.

We shall next week publish Engravings illustrative of the principal incidents of this most remarkable celebration of the Oxford Commemoration festivities.

MEXICAN GUERRILLAS.

DURING their progress through the wild and broken country, the French troops in Mexico have been continually harassed by the bands of guerrillas, or guerrilleros, which have formed a very important part of the Mexican forces.

At the outset of the war, indeed, most of the operations of the Mexican army were conducted on this guerrilla principle, and the engagements consisted of a series of skirmishes, surprises, and sudden attacks. The duty of the guerrillas is now principally confined to aiding the main object by firing upon detached bodies of troops as they pass the rocky defiles, bursting suddenly upon them in the tangled woods, or cutting off convoys and seizing provisions and baggage and what money may be under the transport of a few soldiers.

These guerrilla bands are composed of men a great number of whom had been the pests of the country before the war. They are mostly armed with a long, light lance, in addition to such other weapons as have been provided for them out of the general stock, and frequently with the "hachete"—a broad, long, and heavy knife, nearly as large as a sword, and used both for defence and for cutting through the thicket in the woods. The costumes of the men are modifications of the usual dress of the "ranchero," but are of course less costly, and indeed less picturesque. The trousers (calzoneros) are of green or dark material, sometimes velvet, open down the outside seams, and at the bottoms overlaid with stamped black leather to defend the ankles of the wearer against the thorny chapparal. A row of bell buttons, often of silver, close these seams when the weather is cold. There are wide drawers (calzoncillos) of fine white cotton underneath, and these puff out through the seams, forming a tasty contrast with the dark velvet. A sash encircles the waist, its fringed ends hanging over the hip, and the knife or sword is stuck under it. The jacket of velvet is short, and often tastefully embroidered and buttoned, while beneath it is exposed an elaborately plaited shirt. The heavy broad-brimmed hat (the sombrero) has a gold or silver band, with tags of the same material sticking out from the sides. The boots of the ranchero are of red leather, and are furnished with huge spurs, and the guerrilleros are similarly equipped. The most indispensable part of the Mexican outfit, however, is the "serape," which is neither more nor less than a capital blanket, with a hole in the middle to receive the head. With this the guerrillero, who is almost always on horseback, may defy the inclemency of the weather.

A sudden attack of a body of these horsemen is a very serious affair, since they are wonderful riders and come charging down with such sudden and amazing swiftness that they bear all before them. A convoy with its guard will be slowly toiling along a broken and rock-

enviored road, the mules, in a long procession, following their leader, which bears a bell; the men overcome with fatigue and the hot, stifling air, and hearing nothing but the thousand sounds of animal and insect life which are so common in the woods, or the dull crushing of wheels and the monotonous tinkle of the mule-bells; when suddenly a swift, rushing gallop startles the first string of mules, and before they have time to swerve to the side of the road, or the men can form for defence, a body of horsemen, with lances bearing parti-coloured pennants, come thundering down from some hidden position where they have been watching for a favourable opportunity.

It may easily be imagined that a fierce hand-to-hand conflict is the result; and that amongst all their enemies in Mexico the French soldiers detest none so heartily as these guerrillas. It is seldom, however, that they escape without serious loss, since the rifle and bayonet of the Zouave, as well as his agility, strength, and courage, are more than a match for the lance and hachete of the Mexican, with his equally lithe but less hard and sinewy frame.

THE SPAHIS AND TURCOS IN PARIS.

THE Parisians have "assisted" at a spectacle which is so much in accordance with the French taste that it has afforded an agreeable diversion from the excitement of the elections by providing a new "sensation."

Those strange wild Algerian troops which have recently taken up their quarters in Paris, were to pass in review before the Emperor in the Bois de Boulogne, and on the morning appointed for the display (May 28) an immense crowd assembled to witness their evolutions.

In the afternoon the Emperor arrived, surrounded by a brilliant Staff, at the Park aux Biches, near the Château de la Muette, and ordered the proceedings to commence. The press of the people was so great that it was feared some accident might occur in consequence of the mêlée of horsemen, and it was therefore determined that instead of a series of evolutions the troops should simply defile before their Majesties, the Emperor being, of course, on horseback, and the Empress standing beside him, on foot. The whole Royal party occupied a position under a clump of trees, and as the cavalcade of horsemen swept past the effect was singularly picturesque: the immovable composure of the Guards contrasting forcibly with the rapid movements of the Algerians, who uttered strange guttural cries and flourished their carbines as they rode past; the peculiarity of their costumes adding to the excitement produced by their fierce looks and violent gestures.

The first detachment of these Spahis which recently arrived in Paris, belonged to the 3rd Regiment, stationed in the province of Constantine, and included thirty horsemen, commanded by two officers, a French Captain and a native Lieutenant; these were followed by detachments from the 1st and 2nd Regiments, quartered at Algiers and Oran, forming altogether a squadron of 180 men, to be attached to the Paris garrison.

The dress of the Spahis, which provoked many lively comments from the Parisians, consists of a haick of Tunisian stuff, either white or striped, bound round the head, turbanwise, with a string of camel's hair, and falling on each cheek like a lady's headdress: it is then thrown over the scarlet dolman, and is afterwards fastened round the waist. A white burnous with a hood is thrown over the haick, and a scarlet cloth mantle over the burnous. Their trousers are made of sky-blue cloth, and are as wide as those of the Zouaves. They fall over a kind of boots of red leather, which are encased in babouches of black leather, to which long spurs are attached. A belt of red wool is tied round their waist. Among the native Spahis one rode at their head wearing a black mantle in place of a scarlet mantle, like the others. This was the Arab Lieutenant of the troop. Their arms consist of a long musket, called a dragon's musket, and an ordinary cavalry sabre. A pistol is attached to a red leather belt buckled round their waist. They carry a cartridge-box slung over the shoulder. Their saddle is of the Turkish fashion, with a back as high as that of an armchair. The bridle is furnished with winkers, which force the horse to look straight before him. The stirrups are made of wrought iron, and very wide, in the form of a crescent.

The food of these troops consists principally of a kind of coarse wheaten meal, boiled and served in round wooden vessels. This is seasoned with red pepper, and slices of mutton are sometimes added. Their cook buys a sheep, kills it, and prepares it for the regiment. There are four biskris, or domestic servants, attached to each regiment, who clean their rooms and stables. The Spahis attend only to their arms and horses.

The Spahis were first organised as a military corps in the month of March, 1831, and were recruited among the Arabs who volunteered in the French auxiliary service. Their organisation was modified in July, 1845, by the formation of three splendid regiments of six squadrons each, always maintained on the war footing, and to which were given the names of Spahis of Algiers, Oran, and Constantine, being intended, as their title indicates, to serve in each of these provinces.

Since that time the Spahis have formed part of all the expeditions undertaken in Algeria. In consequence of the services rendered by them in Africa, detachments were sent to the army in the East in 1854, to be employed in the rapid transmission of orders and despatches. The French cavalry was represented at the battle of the Alma by the 1st and 3rd Regiments of Spahis. During Marshal Randon's expedition into the Great Kabylia in 1859 the Spahis were again very useful. The native Spahis are in general the sons of rich Arabs, or, as they are called, men of the "great tent." They consider it an honour to serve in the French army, and the scarlet burnous is, in their eyes, a title of nobility. Many of the French officers are wealthy, and have sacrificed their position at home with the hope of obtaining the cross of the Legion of Honour.

A picket of the first detachment was chosen for duty at the Tuileries, and defiled at parade with the infantry and cavalry of the Imperial Guard. The picket was likewise employed to escort the Imperial Prince during his drives. The Spahis carry their carbine in hand, according to their custom when on horseback. In place of carrying their sword in hand, like the French cavalry, they carry their carbine, because, like the majority of Arab warriors, they prefer the arm which, according to their expression, "makes the powder speak." In place of carrying their sabre like the French cavalry, they place it horizontally under the kirt of the saddle along the flank of the horse, and under the thigh of the rider. The handle of the sabre is placed so as to be laid hold of by the right hand, and, inconvenient as the position appears to be, the horseman can draw the sabre from the scabbard with the greatest facility, nor does the weapon ever change its place.

The Turcos have already commenced the performance of military exercise, according to the French system. They commence at a very early hour on the Esplanade of the Invalides. The squadron of Spahis have not yet commenced their manoeuvres, nor have they taken any exercise on horseback except to give their horses air. It is expected that they will shortly be regularly drilled in the Champ de Mars. The spectators who by chance have seen the Spahis exercising their horses on the raceground in the Bois de Boulogne have been much delighted. The singular and rapid evolutions, in which both horsemen and horses seemed to take pleasure, were executed without arms. It was a species of Arab tournament, gunpowder, an essential accessory to an Arab fantasia, not being used. The troop of Spahis divided themselves into two bodies and drew up at some distance from each other. At a given signal one horseman, then a second, then a third, galloped forward to meet an opponent from the other side. By degrees the two parties became engaged, while at the same time they uttered wild cries. The spectators remarked what a straight line the Spahis formed, and how perfectly the horses obeyed the slightest movement of the hand.

NEW ZEALAND CHIEFS AT COURT.—A party of New Zealand chiefs, with their wives and children, have been in this country for some short time past. On Saturday they were admitted to an audience with their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House. The Prince entered into friendly conversation with them, through an interpreter, and the interview lasted for upwards of an hour. The chiefs afterwards visited the Duke of Newcastle, and lunched with his Grace.



THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.—MEXICAN GUERRILLAS ATTACKING A FRENCH CONVOY EN ROUTE TO PUEBLA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. BRUNET.)



THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH REVIEWING THE TURKISH AND SPANISH IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 216.

EMANCIPATION OF THE BLACKS.

Mr Charles Buxton has introduced a new subject to the House, which, though it produced no very great sensation, will turn up again and again in future Sessions we may be sure, and become a stock annual topic of debate for many years to come. Mr. Buxton proposed the relaxation of the fetters which gail the consciences and intellects of many of the clergy—"to emancipate the blacks," as some one called it. But Mr. Buxton did not propose a sudden but a gradual emancipation—to loosen the fetters, not to break them. Mr. Buxton is a very good speaker, and his speech on this occasion was a very good speech. Mr. Buxton's attempt was only tentative, only a "trying it on," as the word may be translated. He had no thought of succeeding. He was, as it were, merely taking soundings for future operations; and when he got into shoal water and saw breakers ahead, he incontinently backed astern and let the matter drop. Sir G. Grey met the hon. gentleman's motion with the previous question; which means that the right hon. Baronet proposed that the question be not put. As we have said, Mr. Buxton made a good speech. He had got it up well; and, though he evoked no applause, except now and then a characteristic gruff "Hear, hear!" from an honourable member near him, he kept the attention of the House well from beginning to end. He is not an impressive speaker at any time; and on this occasion he seemed, as we thought, to speak with 'bated breath, and very cautiously indeed, as though he was afraid of rousing the suspicion of his opponents that more was meant than met the ear. His speaking, however, generally, though correct, and easy, and flowing, seems to be rather fitted for a Sunday-school teachers' meeting than for the House of Commons.

MR. BUTLER-JOHNSTONE.

The next important, or perhaps we might say the most important speech of the evening was that delivered by Mr. Butler-Johnstone, the young orator who gained such unanimous applause by his speech on the Neapolitan question some weeks ago. It was not our good fortune to hear much of his first speech, but of the second we heard every word; and this is our provisional verdict thereon. Mr. Butler-Johnstone has not won his spurs yet. His courage in thus early appearing before this critical assembly is great, and augurs well for the future. He is clearly a thoughtful young man, and dares to express his thoughts. But he is not naturally eloquent, and it will take long practice and study to make him a forcible speaker. His speech on this occasion was either not well prepared, or else he was too nervous to recall it to his memory and deliver it with effect; perhaps it was only nervousness that prevented him from being effective, for it was evident to all who heard him that he was not at his ease. He hesitated often for a word. He clenched his hands at times spasmodically, as if he felt that he was likely to fail, and was determined not to succumb. But if it was nervousness we need not wonder, for one can hardly conceive a more difficult subject for a young man like him to handle than that on which he was speaking. It is a subject which, by common consent, has hitherto been shut out of the house. It is hedged round with difficulties—difficulties so great that the Government determined to evade it for the present. And then, remember who he was speaking to—solemn old Conservatives on his right hand and on his left, who hate and dread such changes as Mr. Buxton proposed and the speaker was advocating; eloquent, able, practised, and searching critics like Gladstone, Disraeli, and Lord Robert Cecil, who were all evidently on the slip to reply. No wonder, then, that Mr. Butler-Johnstone was nervous. Our verdict, though decisive as to his present position, says nothing of the future. He has not had a fair trial yet. There are men in the House who have conquered greater difficulties than he has to overcome.

DIZZY WRAPS HIMSELF IN A CLOUD.

Mr. Disraeli, as this was a Church question, of course must have his say, for is he not now the acknowledged *Defensor fidei*? But what was he to say? If he went with Buxton, he would unquestionably offend most of his clerical friends. If he opposed the proposition too strenuously, he would be fighting against freedom of thought, and, doubtless, his own conviction; and, moreover, become the butt of all the advanced thinkers inside and outside of the Church—a position which such a one as he would hardly like to fill. What could he do, then? Well, he did what we have often seen him do before. He contrived, *suo more*, with marvellous skill and ingenuity, to envelop himself and the whole subject in a bewildering fog. He spoke for an hour, and his speech was unanswerable, for it was unintelligible. Men listened, and stared, and wondered; and well they might; for never since the art of speaking was first used did mortal man utter such a string of high-sounding words and well-formed sentences with so little meaning in them as the Conservative leader did that night. "That's Dizzy all over," said one. "Like the gods of old, when he gets into a mess, he wraps himself in a beautiful cloud and departs."

DALGLISH ON THE ADMIRALTY.

After this futile attempt to widen the circle of clerical thought and action, we turned to quite another subject. Mr. DalGLISH, the member for Glasgow, brought before the House the misgovernment of the Admiralty. He had served on a Royal commission to investigate Admiralty doings, and, in the course of his search, saw, or thought he saw, much that was wrong, tending to waste of money and inefficient results;—saw, or thought he saw, that the Admiralty Lords and their subalterns do not manage their business as he has managed his factory at Glasgow, and got money therefrom. And if not, why not? That was the question which agitated Mr. DalGLISH's soul for a long time, and at last impelled him to lay his thoughts before Parliament. But, alas! he found, as others before him have often found, that it is one thing to think and another thing altogether to utter your thoughts, especially in such an assembly as the English House of Commons. In the smokery, now, inspired by a cigar and a glass of toddy, with only half a dozen friends to listen, the thing might be done; but in the House of Commons it is a very difficult feat. Nature has, moreover, not endowed Mr. DalGLISH with the powers of oratory. She has given him a portly person, a broad, good-humoured face (as any one may see by going to the Royal Academy, where there is an admirable portrait of the honourable member), a clear head, business capacities which have enabled him to trade satisfactorily and make heaps of money, but not oratorical powers. He has a rough voice, a dialect Scottish, or we might say Scottisish, so Scotch, indeed, that he needs an interpreter to make himself understood in an English assembly. This is his chief disqualification; but he has others which we need not enter into, as the greater covers the less. And so it came to pass that, after he had spoken a few minutes, the members, as is their wont in such circumstances, glided away or buzzed about like bees, declining to listen to what it took such trouble to understand; and so this speech, which the hon. member had taken so much trouble to get up and had waited weeks for an opportunity to deliver, fell flat and produced no effect whatever. Lord Clarence Paget replied, of course; and Mr. George Bentinck sided with Lord Clarence, as he always does, Conservative though he is; and then the debate was adjourned, which means that the subject is buried for this Session. This, after so much trouble taken, and thought expended, and anxiety endured, is no doubt unpleasant enough to Mr. DalGLISH; but he has done his best, and the best can do no more, so let him be comforted. He is not the first that has assailed that Admiralty citadel and failed.

A SELL.

We have begun morning sittings, a sign that the end is drawing nigh. The first morning sitting was to have been on Tuesday, June the 9th. Lord Palmerston had promised one on that day for the discussion of Sir Robert Peel's Irish Salmon Fishery Bill. But, on the Monday previous, the House—all the world having gone to the Lord Mayor's Ball—was counted out early, before the morning sitting could be legally fixed, and the House was obliged to meet on the following day at four, for by standing order the House always meets at the usual hour, unless it otherwise orders. It could not make an order to the contrary, because it was counted out before the time came to make the order, and therefore it could not meet at twelve; and, consequently,

when the Irish members and others came down the next day to battle on the Irish Fisheries Bill they found that they were "sold." However, this event to the country is of no consequence; for at the Friday's morning sitting the Irish members got—according to ancient Irish custom—wrangling over the Fisheries Bill in such true Milesian fashion that they only passed three out of some sixty clauses, which proves that the morning sittings devoted to this measure are mere waste of time, for there is scarcely a chance of getting it passed this Session. "They are," as an Irishman called them, "mere escape-pipes for Irish loquacity. We must talk, or we should burst, and these morning sittings are our safety-valves."

MR. CONINGHAM.

Mr. Coningham, of Brighton, is impetuous, impulsive, generous, and unquestionably honest; but, it must be confessed, somewhat explosive. His explosiveness is not, however, the explosiveness of temper. He never snarls—is never ill-natured. No, not explosiveness of temper, but a sort of divine wrath against oppression, jobbery, and wrong. No wrong turns up but Mr. Coningham is impatient to denounce it. If the wrongdoer be buried in the depths, Mr. Coningham will try to drag him out; if he be high as heaven, Mr. Coningham will have a fling at him. But he is too impetuous, and if he could but restrain his indignation he would be more effective in redressing wrong. Still, one cannot but admire his honest indignation; and all the more because it is not common in the House. We seldom see anything of the kind now. Indeed, it has been a matter of complaint that the House of Commons is much changed in this respect. In personal matters violence of language not unfrequently occurs; but against public wrong we have got very mealy-mouthed, and have emasculated our Parliamentary style until it has become pointless and ineffective. Mr. Coningham lately attacked the persecution of Sergeant-Major Lilley in his usual manner, and herein no one will say he was wrong. Lord Palmerston took him to task for his bold language; and the Generals and the Colonels interrupted the member for Brighton and cheered the noble Lord; but his burning words will find an echo in the hearts of the people if they were not suitable to the taste of the House.

THE HOUSE A COURT OF APPEAL.

When Lord Palmerston sat down Mr. Bouverie, who has long since assumed to be the *censor morum* of the House, rose and attacked Mr. Coningham. "The hon. member for Brighton," he said, "desired to make the House of Commons a court of appeal. The House of Commons is not a court of appeal; and he hoped that it never would be." This was the substance of Mr. Bouverie's speech; and we take the liberty of saying that his principle is entirely wrong. The House of Commons is a court of appeal; it always was a court of appeal; and we trust that it always will be. True, it never now interferes with the civil courts. This is, however, because they are firmly settled, are guided by sound principles of justice, and are presided over by impartial, able, and upright Judges. If, however, our Judges should ever prove incompetent or corrupt, has the Parliament no power to call these Judges to account? Unquestionably it has. And if, through the incompetency or the dishonesty of the Judges, justice should fail, it has the power to compel the representatives of Government to redress the wrong and do justice in the case. In short, it is still the High Court of Parliament; and, as old Sir Edward Coke said, its power "is as transcendent and absolute that it cannot be confined, either for causes or persons, within bounds." It has an arm that can reach to the ends of the earth; a power that can drag an offender from beneath the shadow of the Throne. Mr. Coningham saw that in this frightful case of poor Lilley justice had failed, the proper Judges had been unfaithful or inert, and he did right in bringing the matter before the House.

"WORDS TAKEN DOWN."

We have often wondered what would happen if a member's words were to be "taken down." Nothing of the sort had occurred in our time. But on Monday last words were "taken down." Mr. Cox, the indefatigable member for Finsbury, had in a former debate insinuated that the redoubtable Lord Ranelagh wished to have the power to flog volunteers; and on Monday Mr. Ormsby Gore rose and denounced these words "as scandalous and unfounded." Whereupon Sir Robert Jukes Clifton jumped up, and moved that the words should be "taken down." And we suppose that the words were taken down. The farce, however, was not played out; for Mr. Ormsby Gore, finding that he had transgressed, promptly withdrew the offensive words; otherwise this would have happened, we are told: the words would have been handed to the Speaker; he would in solemn tones have called up the offender by name, and then, if he had not retracted, he would have been given into custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms. And what then? We don't know. Mr. Cox seems to be in a fog in this matter. He denies that he uttered any offensive imputation against Lord Ranelagh. An hon. member suggested that Mr. Cox should say out of the House to Lord Ranelagh's face what he had said in it, and then, perhaps, he would learn the meaning of the word imputation. We hope, however, that Mr. Cox will do no such thing; for the bearded Brompton Achilles is a terrible ogre, and would catavampously claw up such a little man as Mr. Cox in a minute, hat and all.

THE LORD MAYOR gave a grand banquet to her Majesty's Ministers at the Guildhall on Wednesday evening, at which most of the members of the Cabinet were present.

THERE IS A VACANCY IN THE REPRESENTATION OF BERWICK in consequence of the death of Captain Gordon, the Conservative member. The Liberals propose to bring forward Mr. Mitchell, of Stow, while Mr. Ralph Earle is to stand in the Conservative interest.

TRIAL-TRIP OF THE ROYAL OAK.—The new iron-cased frigate Royal Oak, 32, Captain F. A. Campbell, made an official trial of her speed at Stokes's Bay on Monday, the result being satisfactory in every respect. She realised an average speed of 12½ knots at full boiler-power, making six runs. This is considered a very successful experiment. The trial was conducted by Capt. Broadhead, attended by Messrs. Ward and Murdoch, of the dockyard.

THE MENTAL CONDITION OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.—A private communication from Berlin says:—"You may judge of the King's state of mind when I tell you that some little time ago his Majesty was possessed with the idea that a gallows intended for himself was being erected under the very windows of his palace. Sitting at the window and looking out upon the courtyard he would repeatedly say, 'They're building it—they're building it!' I need scarcely add that nothing was being erected there at the time."

THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.—A meeting was held on Wednesday at St. James's Hall to protest against the purchase of the Exhibition building. Mr. Beresford Hope presided, and in opening the proceedings utterly condemned the building as entirely unfitted for the purpose to which it was intended to be applied. No amount of tinkering could, he said, make it suitable. Resolutions were proposed and carried, condemning the purchase and for sending a petition to Parliament against it. This was not done without opposition. Amendments were proposed, but they did not meet with much support.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES.—The great boat-race, which has been the theme of general interest lately among all lovers of aquatic sports, took place on Tuesday. Mr. Green had come all the way from Australia to row with Chambers, the champion of the Thames and the Tyne, for the championship and £200 a side. The Australian won the choice of position, and in the first few minutes of the race he gained a decided lead. He was unable, however, to maintain the pace at which he started, and Chambers came in the winner by about half a mile. Green has again challenged Chambers to row the match over again on the same terms, as he alleges that his defeat was occasioned by a sudden attack of illness.—There was another great boat-race on Wednesday. Drewitt, of London, and Wilson, of Newcastle, contended for a prize of £200. The Thames this time was victorious. Drewitt went away from his opponent as soon as he thought fit, and won as "he pleased."

LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.—The Thorpe life-boat, belonging to the National Life-boat Institution, was instrumental, on the night of the 11th inst., during a heavy gale of wind, in rescuing, under very perilous circumstances, the crew of six men of the brig Florence Nightingale, of London. On nearing the vessel both her masts fell with tremendous violence, and it was with the greatest difficulty the six poor fellows were hauled into the life-boat. Indeed, it was an awful moment. The life-boat shipped at the time a very heavy sea, which carried away one of her noble crew, but who fortunately regained the boat by means of his life-belt and a line. The life-boat behaved admirably on the occasion. The cost of this boat was presented about twelve months ago to the National Life-boat Institution by the town of Ipswich, and she has since then been the means of rescuing two shipwrecked crews from an inevitable death. The St. Ives life-boat of the society was also the means, during a heavy gale of wind, in rescuing the crew, consisting of four men and a boy, of the Azores packet, of Falmouth, on the 12th inst. The cost of the St. Ives life-boat and of three others was presented to the institution by a lady, whose name is unknown to the society to this day.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, JUNE 12.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

CONSOLIDATION OF THE LAW.

The LORD CHANCELLOR brought in a bill to provide for the revision of the law reports, and for the reports in future. He ably reviewed the state of the reports, and contended that they were calculated to mislead. He proposed, first of all, to intrust the revision of the reports to learned men. He also proposed that the statutes should be revised, expurgated, and arranged under proper divisions. After some discussion leave was given to bring in the bill.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.

A good deal of discussion took place on the proposal to purchase the Exhibition building at South Kensington. Among other explanations given by the Government on this subject, Lord PALMERSTON, in reply to Lord R. CECIL, said all that was to be done at the building was to stucco its exterior, and to make the glass domes into brick domes, with skylights. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said the £80,000 to be paid to Messrs. Kels and Lucas for the removable part of the building was estimated from the measurements of Mr. Hunt.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

Sir H. BRUCE brought under notice the restrictions placed by the Board of Works in Ireland and the Treasury on advances of money for the building of labourers' cottages. He contended that those restrictions were highly inexpedient, and moved a resolution on the subject, which, after some discussion, was withdrawn.

Colonel DUNNE then brought under the notice of the House the depressed condition of Ireland, and moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the causes of such depression and the effects of the taxation. This led to a lengthy debate, but the motion of Colonel Dunne was ultimately negatived.

THE CASE OF SERGEANT-MAJOR LILLEY.

Lord PALMERSTON, with reference to a notice given by Mr. Coningham to call attention to the memorandum of the Commander-in-Chief on the case of Sergeant-Major John Lilley, said, as his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief had determined that circumstances justified the subjecting of the conduct of Colonel Crawley to an inquiry by a court-martial, he suggested to Mr. Coningham the inexpediency of any discussion upon the subject.

Mr. CONINGHAM said it was not Colonel Crawley's conduct only that was in question, but two general officers in India, the Commander-in-Chief in India, the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, and the officials at the Horse Guards, were deeply compromised in the question. [The hon. member, in the course of his observations—uttered with much vehemence—was twice called to order, on the ground of irregularity in the mode of proceeding; but the Speaker held that there had been no violation of the rules of order.] Mr. Coningham continued to comment upon the case, reading from the paper of Paymaster Smiles, and insisted that there ought to be a rigid and searching investigation of the case in this country, in the interests of the public and of the discipline of the English Army.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON complained of the course taken by Mr. Coningham, and justified his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief.

Lord PALMERSTON said that Mr. Coningham had given an example of the grossest injustice in launching out into an abuse of the Commander-in-Chief without the slightest ground. He hoped that next morning he would regret what he had said.

Mr. E. BOUVERIE considered the course taken by Mr. Coningham unwise, imprudent, and unfair.

The subject then dropped.

MONDAY, JUNE 15.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

CAPTURE OF BRITISH SHIPS BY FEDERAL CRUISERS.

The Marquis of CLANRICARDE called the attention of the Government to the proceedings of the American cruisers, which he contended were in many instances contrary to international law, and inquired what had been the result of the remonstrances made to the Washington Government against the seizure of British vessels engaged in legitimate commerce.

Earl RUSSELL said the answer of the American Government was that there were sufficient grounds to justify the captures, and that those grounds would be proved in the prize courts. The noble Earl added that he believed there was every disposition on the part of the United States' Government to prevent injustice being done.

THE CASE OF SERGEANT-MAJOR LILLEY.

Some conversation then took place respecting the case of Sergeant-Major Lilley, and the Duke of Cambridge explained the circumstances under which he had ordered a court-martial to be held on the conduct of Colonel Crawley.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

PURCHASE OF THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.

Lord PALMERSTON proposed a vote of money for the purchase of the Exhibition building and lands at South Kensington, and entered into an explanation of the objects for which the purchase was intended, and of the various sums of money that would be required to carry them out. The noble lord concluded by moving a vote of £267,000 on account for the purchase of the site of the Exhibition building, which, after some discussion, was carried, on a division, by 267 votes against 135.

Lord PALMERSTON declined to go on with the other votes for the building and repairs that night, and the Committee proceeded with the educational estimates.

TUESDAY, JUNE 16.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Vaccination (Ireland) Bill was read a third time and passed, and the Bleaching and Dyeing Works Amendment Bill passed through Committee. The sitting lasted but twenty minutes.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE BALLOT.

Mr. BERKELEY moved for leave to bring in a bill to cause the votes of Parliamentary electors to be taken by way of ballot. The hon. gentleman, in the course of an amusing speech, adduced all the old and well-worn arguments in support of secret voting, and combated those which had been adduced against it by Lord Palmerston, and other of its opponents.

Lord PALMERSTON, in opposing the motion, said that if the ballot were adopted in this country it would have the effect of nullifying public opinion by crushing it in each individual, and that would be both an English and contrary to the spirit and essence of the Constitution, of which public opinion was the very life.

After a brief reply from Mr. Berkeley, upon a division the motion was negatived by 122 to 192.

The House was shortly after counted out.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. DILLWYN withdrew his Endowed Schools Bill, and thereupon Mr. SELWYN and Mr. LOWE expressed great gratification. The Navy Prize Money Bill was read a second time; the Election Petitions Bill was referred to a select Committee by a majority of one—the numbers being, for the Select Committee, 92; against it, 91; the Marriages Registration (Ireland) Bill passed through Committee; and the Civil Bill Courts (Ireland) Bill was after a long discussion, read a second time.

THURSDAY, JUNE 18.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.

The Duke of RUTLAND called attention to the International building. He thought it would be a decided mistake to purchase the building, both on the ground of usefulness and economy. It would be altogether impossible to adapt the building, supposing the purchase was effected, to the purpose for which it was intended. The noble Duke concluded by asking whether it would be necessary to raze the building to the ground in order to make it permanent.

Earl GRANVILLE replied that he could say that it would not be necessary to raze it to the ground to make the building suitable for permanent use.

VACCINATION.

Earl GRANVILLE, in reply to Lord Lyveden, said the question as to whether any further legislation on the subject of vaccination was necessary was under the consideration of the Government.

Several bills were advanced a stage.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

LONDON CITY TRAFFIC REGULATION BILL.

On the order for the second reading of this bill, Mr. AYRTON moved as an amendment that the bill be read a second time that day three months.

After a long discussion the amendment was withdrawn, and the bill was read a second time.

THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.

Mr. C. BENTINCK asked whether Captain Fowke had made any estimate of the cost of repairing and completing the Exhibition building. Lord PALMERSTON said that Captain Fowke had made a report, and it would be produced if the hon. member would move for it.

PUBLIC WORKS (MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS) BILL.

Mr. VILLIERS, in a speech of some length, moved the second reading of this bill, the object of which was to enable the local authorities in the distressed districts to obtain loans of money, to be appropriated to the employment of the suffering people of Lancashire and Cheshire. The bill was only permissive in its character.

After a brief discussion, the bill was read a second time.

The House afterwards went into Committee of Supply on the Miscellaneous Estimates.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1863.

THE REVISION OF THE STATUTE LAW.

THE above is the subject of a bill introduced into the House of Lords by the Lord Chancellor himself, in a speech not only remarkable but interesting to all whose sympathies or circumstances may lead them to any consideration of the laws by which English rights are defined and established. His Lordship, at the commencement of his address, was almost apologetic. He would endeavour to address the House "rather as a statesman than as a lawyer," "to speak in plain and simple language," and to avoid "the vocabulary of the lawyer's art." Such an exordium, addressed, be it remembered, to the highest court in the realm, affords the strongest admission of the incomprehensibility with which English law has been for centuries invested as an inseparable attribute. It is this which not only leaves the people ignorant of their own laws, but tends to keep them so, and even to increase and perpetuate the bewilderment under which our legislators appear to labour. The scholar or man of business who has studied, or has at hand for reference, the civil code of Napoleon may transact the ordinary matters of French commercial business and incur but small danger through ignorance of law. In England the case is different, so different, in fact, that only last week a solicitor was fined £100 for a breach of the excise laws, a breach evidently committed in ignorance, since the transaction might have been rendered perfectly legal with the smallest possible trouble at the right time. And hereupon we may mention that no question upon this branch of law has ever formed a part of any legal examination, at least so far as we are aware or can ascertain. Only a few years ago, and when the Insolvency Court was in full operation, no knowledge of the rules or practice of that Court was required in any examination for the legal profession. The English law is too much for the study of any one man's lifetime. Hence the "equity" is totally distinct from the "common law" bar, and a counsel admitted to one is prohibited from practising at the other, unless under special circumstances—as cross-examination in Chancery upon matters of fact. The Lord Chancellor pointed out that two different kinds of law are administered in two different Courts at Westminster Hall. Not only is this true, but the modes of taking evidence, and even the rules of evidence, are different in the Common Law and Chancery Courts. At common law witnesses are examined before a jury. In Chancery they make their depositions in the form of affidavits or before an examiner, weeks at least previously to the trial. At common law the defendant hears the plaintiff's witnesses, cross-examines them, and adduces his own. If the evidence of the latter be impugnable, the plaintiff may contradict it upon the spot, or afterwards on a new trial obtained on the ground of "surprise." In Chancery each party files his own evidence in ignorance of what the other may have brought forward; and, however capable either may be of direct and complete contradiction, no subsequent rebuttal is allowed by the rules of the game. An action brought in the common law courts according to a kind of law, but in defiance of equity, may by another kind of law be stayed by the Chancery Court. Of late some sort of amalgamation has been attempted. Equitable defences may be pleaded at common law. But this throws upon the common-law Judges the task of deciding as to what is or is not an equitable defence; in other words, casting upon them responsibilities never contemplated during their forensic education and professional career, during which latter, as we have seen, they have been expressly debarred from equity practice.

Nor is this all. The great body of English law, as applicable to the myriads of circumstances constantly presenting themselves upon the trial of litigated questions, is exemplified by thousands of reported cases, each of which stands recorded as a precedent, as authoritative as a statutory enactment. These reports alone would fill a moderate library. Scores—nay, hundreds—of them may be and are constantly rendered useless by modern improvements in legislation. Others, yet remaining in use, are contradictory, so that the decision of a cause may frequently rest less upon its intrinsic merits than upon the patience and readiness of an advocate in finding and applying a case in favour of his client. It is the reduction and consolidation of these precedents which furnishes one of the chief objects proposed by the Lord Chancellor's bill. It is therefore apparent that the initiation and carrying out of such a scheme as that now before the country is one which demands the earnest and intelligent labour of years. It is, nevertheless, satisfactory to learn that the work stands a fair chance of being at least begun.

THE CASE OF SERGEANT-MAJOR LILLEY.—The decided tone taken by the press on this disgraceful affair has compelled the Government to order a court-martial on Lieut.-Colonel Crawley. So far so well; but there is still a point of the utmost importance undecided. The inquiry must be a real and not a sham one; and to secure this it is indispensable that the trial should take place in England and not in India. We cannot trust to Indian courts-martial. Were such tribunals conducted properly in that distant possession the necessity for a court-martial on Colonel Crawley would never have arisen. Sergeant-Major Lilley would probably have been still alive, and the scandal which his treatment has brought upon the

discipline of the Army would have been averted. Some of those whose conduct in connection with the court-martial on Paymaster Searles, out of which this lamentable affair originated, and who will necessarily be in a certain degree on their trial as well as Colonel Crawley, are still in high positions in India, will have much to do in directing the proceedings; will, in fact, be to some extent parties as well as judges; and in these circumstances perfect fairness and impartiality are scarcely to be expected. At all events, the British public will not be satisfied with an investigation conducted under such auspices; and the removal of the venue to England is, therefore, a matter of absolute necessity, and ought to be vigorously insisted upon. Besides, we understand that many of the parties cognisant of the facts of the case are now at home, and the inquiry must either take place here, or these witnesses must be sent to India to give their testimony, without which the trial would be no trial at all. If necessary, let Sir Hugh Rose, Sir William Mansfield, Colonel Crawley, and every individual concerned, be at once ordered home, so that a thorough investigation may take place. Nothing less than this will satisfy the public on this unhappy case.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY will leave Windsor for Osborne, Isle of Wight, on Saturday, the 4th proximo. The Queen will remain at Osborne until the 28th, and then return to Windsor Castle, and on the 31st will take her departure for Germany.

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA has arrived in England on a visit to her Majesty Queen Victoria.

THE QUEEN visited the International Exhibition Building on Friday week, and was conducted through it by Earl Granville, the Earl of Derby, and other Peers and members of Parliament.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has consented to visit Halifax on the occasion of the opening of the new Townhall there, and will be accompanied by the Princess of Wales. The opening of the Townhall is expected to take place about the end of July.

LORD WENSLEYDALE has been prevented from performing his senatorial and judicial functions this year in consequence of a severe and protracted attack of gout.

THE INSTITUTION OF MECHANICAL ENGINEERS will make Liverpool the seat of their next annual session.

SIR CHARLES LOOCK was thrown from his horse on Tuesday, in Rottenrow. His right arm was fractured, and he sustained other serious injuries, but no fatal result is anticipated.

PRINCE NAPOLEON has returned from Upper Egypt to Cairo, where he held a review of the Egyptian troops, at which the foreign Consuls were present. After the review the Prince set out on his return to Alexandria.

A MARRIAGE is arranged between Mr. Edward Crauford, M.P. for the Ayr burghs, and Miss Molesworth, sister of Sir Paul Molesworth, Bart.

GENERAL SAMUEL HOUSTON is suing as candidate for Governor of Texas on the "Lone Star" ticket, his plan being to re-establish the "Republic of Texas."

THE HEROINE, one of the steamers plying between Belfast and Bangor, has been sold to an agent of the Confederate Government.

NUMEROUS VEINS OF SULPHUR have just been discovered in the Island of Corfu.

AN EXCURSION TRIP TO BRITAIN is being organised at Constantinople, and is receiving the support of the Government.

A SUGAR-REFINERY COMPANY, with a capital of 800,000 dols., has been formed in San Francisco.

THE HEAVY RAINS which fell during last week caused serious floods in parts of Lancashire. In some places considerable damage has been done.

AN EXPLOSION took place in a sugar-refinery, at Mile-end New town, a few days since, by which two young men have lost their lives and several others been considerably injured.

THE BRITISH STEAMERS Hankow and Nankin, the British brig Lanrick, and the American schooner Wanderer have been purchased by the Japanese Government.

A TERRIBLE HAILSTORM broke over Novara, Italy, on the 11th, and destroyed all the crops of the surrounding district.

A GRAND EVENING CONCERT, in aid of the funds of the National Association for the Encouragement of Music, is to be given at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday, the 9th of July.

THE ROYAL YACHTS, Victoria and Albert, Fairy, and Elfin, have each received a thorough renovation and embellishment at Portsmouth, in readiness for the service of her Majesty and the Royal family during the remainder of the summer.

A SALMON, weighing 61 lb., leaped into a boat in the Severn, near Gloucester, a few days ago, while the craft was sailing against the current.

THE FIRST STONE OF THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION PALACE was laid last week by the Lord Lieutenant. The palace is intended to include a winter-garden, and halls for concerts, balls, and other assemblies.

THE COLONISTS OF VICTORIA, Australia, have challenged British sportsmen to a horserace for £10,000, to be run in the colony between as many English horses as may be sent out, while the colonists are not to be allowed to name more than twenty animals.

A FARMER AT CUTCHEQUE, Long Island, in the United States, has recently ploughed up sixty-one silver table spoons, which are supposed to have been buried there by Captain Kidd, the buccaner.

A VERY eloquent notice of Lord Macaulay's life and works was read by M. Mignet, before the Paris Academy of Sciences on the 13th inst. It was listened to with deep attention, and was very warmly applauded.

A BOY OBTAINED LEAVE from his ship at Portsmouth, but, not returning at the appointed time, was arrested. A court-martial sentenced him to live on board his ship for fifteen years without going ashore. The lad heard the sentence, went below to his hammock, and hanged himself.

THE RECOVERY OF THE BODIES OF the sufferers by the catastrophe at Edmond's Main Colliery was begun on Monday, when the remains of one man were brought up after being entombed for six months in the workings. The recovery of the remaining corpses is being proceeded with.

IN A FIFESHIRE CHURCH, a pewowner, on finding his seat occupied by a tradesman of the place, seized him, and after a struggle in which a Bible was used as a weapon of offence, the assailant was worsted, and took his seat elsewhere. At the termination of the service a fight again ensued.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXPERIMENTS, made by Mr. Coxwell and Mr. Negretti during an ascent in a balloon, have established the fact that sun pictures may be taken at a height of from 3000 ft. to 4000 ft. from the earth, and that, therefore, the sun's rays do not at that elevation lose their actinic powers.

SOME IDEA may be formed of the amount of property collected in the Guildhall on the occasion of the late visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, from the fact that an additional insurance of £50,000 was effected by the Corporation with the Royal Insurance Company, the policy to remain in force for six weeks.

A SKATE has been taken in Loch Hourne, Glenelg, so large that it required the united strength of two men to lift it from the ground. It measured 8 ft. 3 in. from head to tail, was 6 ft. 11 in. in breadth, and 9 3/4 in. in thickness through the breast. It must have had a weight of no less than 24 cwts. when landed.

AT THE PONDER'S-END STATION OF THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY, on Saturday last, a gatekeeper on the line rushed forward to shut his gates as the mail-train came up. Miscalculating his time, the engine caught him and cut him literally to pieces.

THE BANK OF WARSAW has been robbed of 3 1/2 millions of roubles. In place of the notes and gold abstracted, a receipt was left, signed by the National Government. Four officials of the bank have disappeared, together with the books in which the numbers of the notes were entered.

THE PUBLIC INAUGURATION of the statue of the late Lord Herbert of Lea, which is now in course of erection in the city of Salisbury, will take place on Monday, the 29th inst. Viscount Palmerston having, it is understood, consented to perform the interesting ceremony. The statue is by Baron Marochetti.

OF EIGHT ESSAYS sent in at Oxford for the Chancellor's prize for the best Latin essay on the present American struggle—the subject proposed by Lord Derby—seven are on the Northern side. Several of the writers are said to have begun their labours as pro-Southerners, but were converted by the force of the considerations which a thorough study of the subject brought before them.

A NEW COMMERCIAL LINE OF STEAM-SHIPS to Brazil and the River Plate has been organised to sail from Liverpool, and will commence on the 7th of August next. The first vessel will be the Sicilia screw-steamer of 1125 tons and 360-horse power. Her ports will be Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, and Buenos Ayres.

THE BODY OF A MAN, the flesh completely dried up on the bones, was found in the hold of the Result, an Australian trader, a few days since. It is believed he had secreted himself in the hope of obtaining a gratuitous passage, but being unable to extricate himself from beneath the cargo, and so perished.

THE GREAT SWIMMING-MATCH between Henry Gardner, of London, and E. B. Mather, of Manchester, for the championship of England and a cup presented by the London Swimming Club, was decided on Monday afternoon between the two-mile course between Hammersmith and Putney, when Mather, who is a member of the London Swimming Club, won by about four yards; the time occupied in the match being 42 min. 43 sec.

THE MEMORIAL OF THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

WE last week published an account of the uncovering of the memorial of the Exhibition of 1851 which has been erected in the gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society at South Kensington, and now give some Engravings illustrative of the ceremony, together with a short description of the memorial itself.

The structure is 42 ft. in height and 18 ft. across the base at the angles. These dimensions, however, refer to the granite memorial alone, and do not include the Portland-stone substructure erected by the Horticultural Society. The base of the memorial presents four curved surfaces, each containing a panel of red polished granite. At the angles, and below the feet of the statue, are bronze reliefs representing the medals awarded at the Exhibition. Above this base, seated, and resting against the sub-plinth, are statues of the four quarters of the globe 8 ft. in height. Europe bears a mural crown upon her head; one hand holds a wreath, the arm resting on a rudder; in her lap is a sheathed sword bound with laurel, emblematical of the peace she enjoyed during the year of the event. The drapery of Asia is composed of cashmere and muslin; and, as characterising the Asiatic who accumulates wealth in precious stones, she is adorned with jewels. The head is a portrait of an Indian Princess. Africa is listless and inert; a coarse wrapper of native make is thrown around the lowest portion of the statue. America, the youngest in form and features, no longer represented as an Indian in a costume of feathers, may be viewed as a haughty daughter of Britannia. In one hand she holds the primitive bow and arrows of the Indian, the other rests upon an axe, suggestive of clearance and the inroad of civilisation; the head is adorned with rice and stars.

Over these statues, and rising above the sub-plinth, are eight columns of polished red granite, and eight corresponding *antae*, all with bronze capitals and bases. Between the pilasters are four tablets taking a circular form, and inscribed with the history of the Exhibition and the dedication of the memorial. These tablets, as well as the columns, are monolithic. The columns support an entablature which breaks round them. In the frieze of this are incised texts:—

Let all the nations be gathered together, and let the people be assembled.

Isaiah xliii. 9.

I will remember the works of the Lord; surely I will remember thy wonders of old.—Psalm lxxvii. 11.

Above the entablature, carrying up the outline of the tablets, rises the pedestal of the crowning statue. It is one block of red granite, thus continuing the line of colour throughout the monument. In the statue (10 ft. in height) the Prince is represented, by her Majesty's express command, in the robes of the Great Master of the Bath. Minute attention has been paid to the detail of the robes and orders. The inscriptions on the memorial are very full—thus:—

On the south tablet, facing the Exhibition building, we have the names of those who were mainly interested in the undertaking of 1851:—Her Majesty's Commissioners, with their President, his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, the Special Commissioners, and the Executive Committee.

On the east tablet, a list of the exhibiting countries, British and foreign.

On the west tablet are the following statistics of the exhibition:—

Opened by her Majesty Queen Victoria, May 1, 1851; closed October 15, 1851; number of visitors, 6,039,195; total receipts, £522,179; total expenditure, £335,742; number of exhibitors, 13,937—viz., British, 7381; foreign, 6556; size of building, 1848 ft. by 456 ft.; architect, Sir Joseph Paxton; contractors, Fox and Henderson.

On the north tablet is the dedication of the memorial itself:—

Erected by public subscription, originally intended only to commemorate the International Exhibition of 1851, now dedicated also to the memory of the great author of that undertaking, the Good Prince, to whose far-seeing and comprehensive philanthropy its first conception was due; and to whose clear judgment and untiring exertions in directing its execution the world is indebted for its unprecedented success.—Albert Francis Augustus Charles Emmanuel, the Prince Consort, born Aug. 26, 1819; died Dec. 14, 1861.

He was a man! take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.

In a tablet below, on the south side:—

Uncovered by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, June 10, 1863.

The monument presents in its construction an intermixture of varicoloured materials—grey granite, red granite, bronze, and gilding. The statues were produced by Messrs. Elkington's electro-type process; the grey granite work is from the Caesewring quarries, and the red granite work from Aberdeen. The total cost of the memorial will be about £7500.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE CITY.

In our last week's Number we gave a full account of the grand entertainment given by the city of London to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, toge her with a large Engraving of the Great Hall during the ball, and we now add several other illustrations of the gorgeous fête.

PROCESSION ROUND THE GREAT HALL.

The Prince and Princess, on alighting from their carriages, were received by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and, preceded by the civic officials, proceeded in procession to the Great Hall. Immediately following the officials came the Princess of Wales, leaning on the arm of the Lord Mayor, the Prince of Wales conducting the Lady Mayoress, followed by the suites in attendance on their Royal Highnesses and the Lady Mayoress. Lines of silken cords had been so arranged that the procession on entering the hall had to pass down towards the western end, and, after making a circuit of the lower part of the hall, proceed to the dais through a wide central space at the eastern end.

PRESENTATION OF THE CITY FREEDOM.

On the arrival of the Royal party at the dais, the Prince and Princess took their seats in the chairs of state which had been provided under the canopy; and immediately afterwards the Court of Common Council, which had been summoned to attend, was opened, and the resolution for presenting the freedom to his Royal Highness, moved and passed at a previous Court, was read.

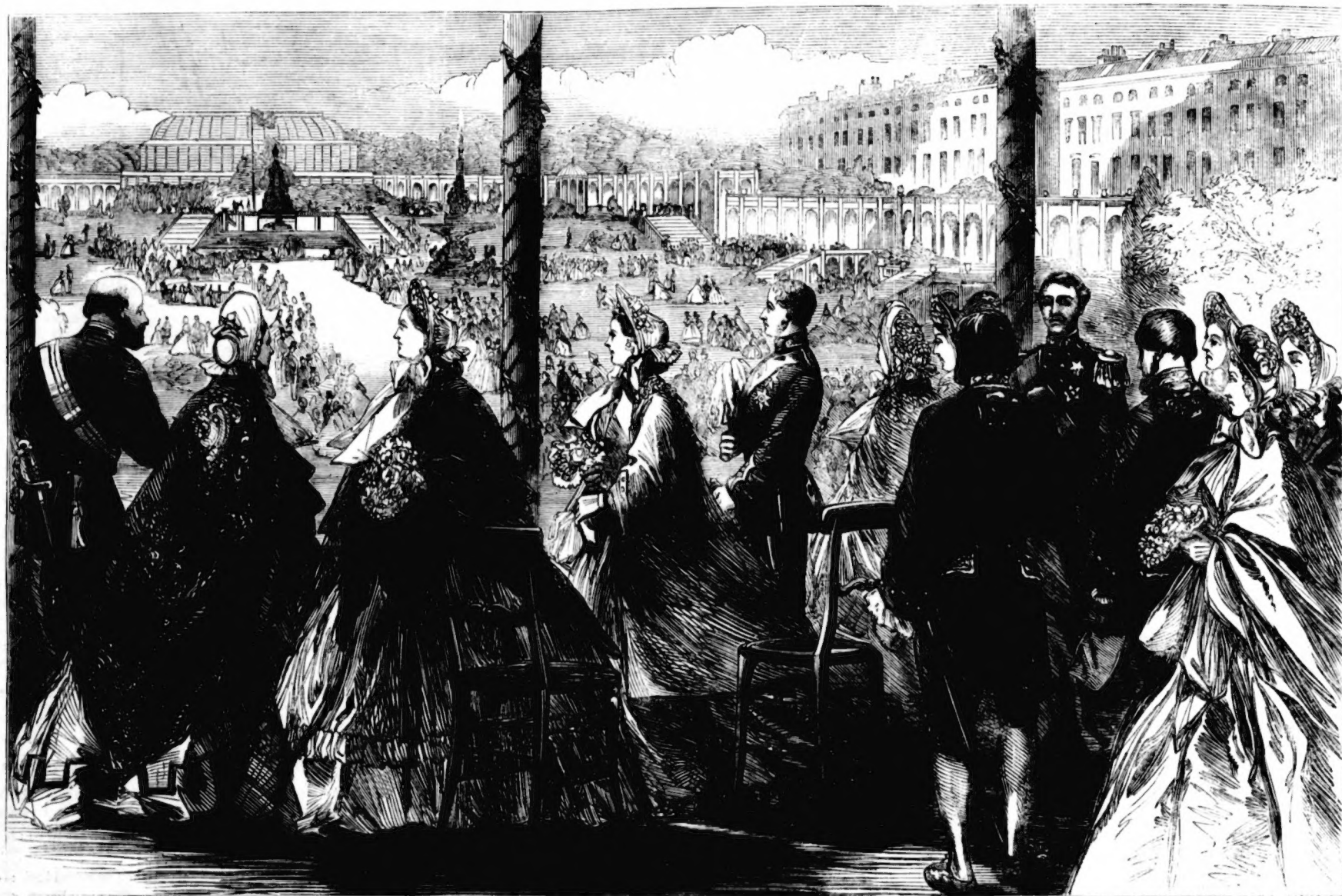
The Clerk of the Chamber, Mr. Sewell, read the record of his Royal Highness's title; and, after a few formal matters had been proceeded with, the Chamberlain addressed his Royal Highness in the name of the Corporation, and the Prince, having replied in the terms printed in our last Number, took the oaths usual on such occasions and subscribed the roll of freemen; after which some other formalities were gone through, including the presentation of several gentlemen to his Royal Highness, and the official proceedings terminated.

THE BALL.

On the conclusion of the ceremonial proceedings connected with the investiture of the Prince with the freedom of the City, their Royal Highnesses retired to their withdrawing-room for a short time, after which they again returned to the dais, when the ball began, the Prince dancing the first quadrille with the Lady Mayoress and the Princess with the Lord Mayor.

During this quadrille another set danced at the eastern end of the apartment; but of course the dancers in this division commanded but little attention, all eyes being directed to the movements of the Royal and distinguished party. At the conclusion of the Royal quadrille the Prince and Princess of Wales and the other Royal visitors returned to their seats on the dais, and dancing became general, and continued until about eleven o'clock, when supper was announced.

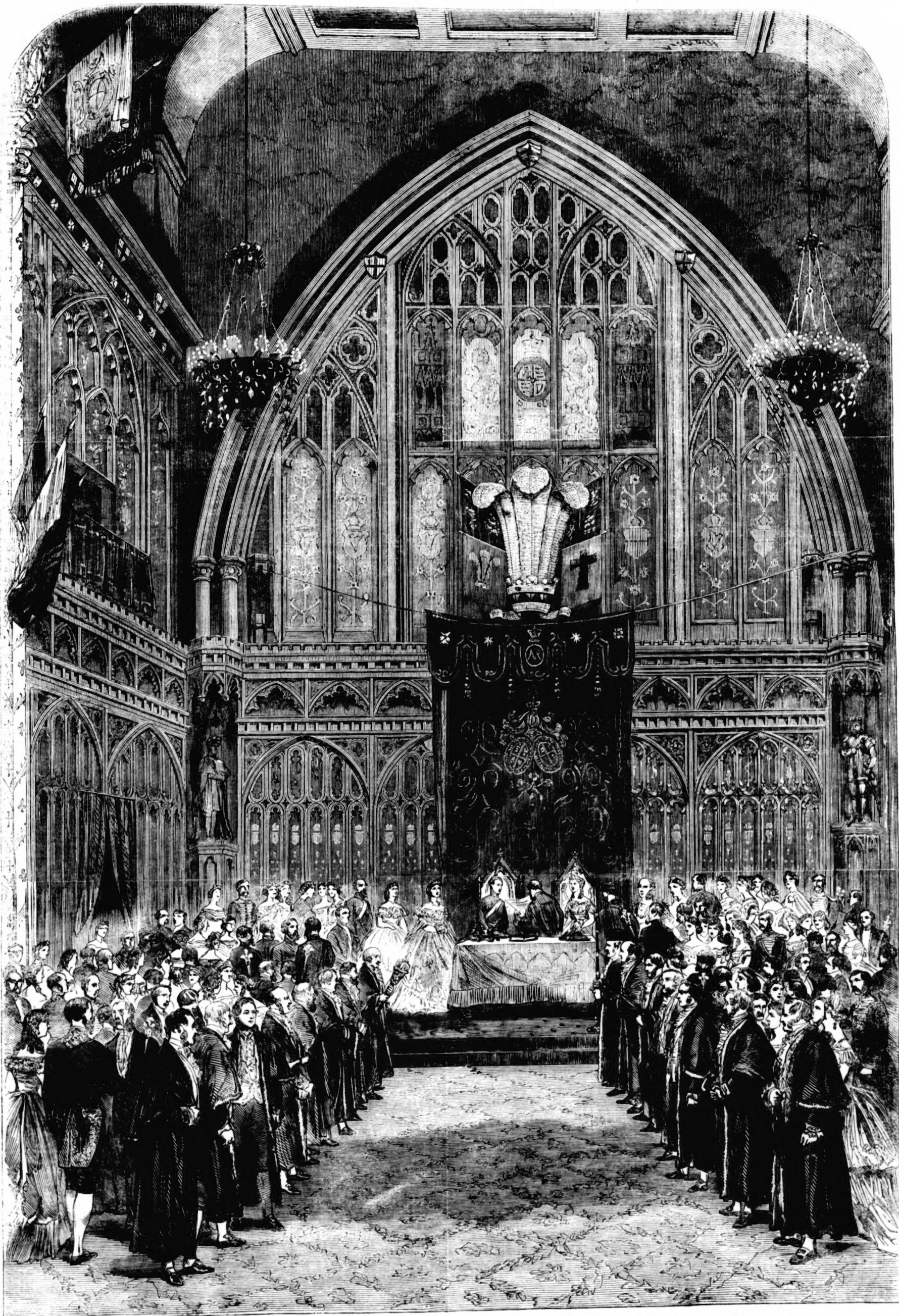
ARRIVAL OF CAPTAINS SPEKE AND GRANT.—These two distinguished travellers, the discoverers of the source of the Nile, have arrived in England. Both gentlemen have nearly recovered from the frightful hardships they have undergone during the last three years. They are tall, well-knit men, and well qualified for African travelling. Capt. Grant suffered much from fever; but he now seems the healthiest of the two. He only experiences pains now from old wounds, having lost part of his hand at the siege of Lucknow. Captain Speke suffered in Africa from a disease in one of his lungs. They describe the countries through which they have passed as marvellously fertile, and they saw large accumulations of ivory on their route. They have brought home the horns and skull of a gigantic buffalo which they shot near the equator. They saw cotton and every tropical product growing with great luxuriance.



CEREMONY OF UNCOVERING THE MEMORIAL OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851 IN THE GARDENS OF THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.



THE PROCESSION THROUGH THE GARDENS.



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON AT THE GUILDHALL.—SEE PAGE 421.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

WHEN Mr. Disraeli spoke and voted for the Prisons Ministers Bill the Conservatives entertained a faint hope that it was a freak of his, and that he was not sanctioned by his chief Lord Derby; but now that his Lordship has followed Disraeli's example they are in despair. "Our leaders have sold themselves to the Irish Papists," said a Conservative in high position, "and the party is smashed." "Lord Derby is an honest man," said another, "and I do not believe that he has taken this course in return for Catholic support; but the effect is the same; we may bid farewell to office for years." And this is the universal feeling in the Conservative party. My own opinion, however, is that the policy of the Conservative leader has not materially altered the position of the party. So long as Lord Palmerston is physically able to keep his post it would be in vain to attempt to oust him. I will not presume to prophesy what may occur when he shall fall.

Mr. Samuel Tillet, who was presented to the Queen by the Duke of Wellington, notwithstanding the exposure of his character and antecedents, is still above water, scudding about as bravely as if nothing had happened. I have met him several times in the streets, looking so respectable and dignified in his sleek suit of black and lofty white cravat that, if he were to surmount the whole with a looped tile, he might be taken for a Bishop. On Wednesday he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, having business, as he said, with some of the members. "He had just been to see his poor friend Locock, whose family and his had been intimate for years." He sat in the lobby for more than an hour; suddenly, however, a look of recognition was upon him, and then he rose and marched away.

Lord Palmerston, in his speech on the Ballot, made merry with the Reform Club, which, as I foretold it would, has altered its mode of electing members. They are now to be chosen by a Select Committee. His Lordship went further, and said that "his hon. friend the member for Birmingham" (Bright) suggested this change. His hon. friend was saying a something to say upon that subject, I suspect, and will "give his Lordship as good as he gave;" for, if I am informed rightly, Mr. Bright advocated extension, not restriction. It was necessary to have ten white balls to one black; Mr. Bright recommended that a simple majority should be sufficient.

At Mason's livery-stables in Piccadilly, there is on view a mechanical horse, which is well worth seeing. This ingenious production is said to be the production of a certain Hanoverian Colonel, who has put on his invention in England. You must not be deceived by the announcements, which set forth that on the automation any person can learn to ride without the danger usually experienced in the manege and which pictorially represent noble sportsmen going through tremendous feats of equestrianism. All these are pleasant fables. You pay your money at the end of the yard to a gentleman of horse appearance (whom I detected deep in the mysteries of a German vocabulary, with the evident intention of being "up" to all the moves of the Hanoverian inventor and his satellites) and then, passing through a stable, you go up stairs to a large loft, round which several are erected, and in the middle of which stands a by no means badly designed model of a black horse, life-sized, and duly saddled. His bride is of a very flimsy material, apparently red ribbon, and his legs are all gathered beneath him, as though he were in the act of leaping. He is supported by a straight stick running into the belly, just behind the girths, the other end of which passes through the floor and is connected with the mechanism below—that is, in fact, the lever on which the whole works. You are invited to mount, and no sooner are you seated in the saddle than the exhibitor gives certain injunctions to the mechanist below—injunctions conveyed by means of the repetition of numerals, and the action commences. "Ein, zwei" (one, two), says the man, and the beast immediately begins to rear and kick in the most unpleasant manner. *Drei vier* (three, four), is a sort of shying motion, a sudden bending of the neck coupled with a swerving of the body; but there are other frightful complications in which such wild motions are gone through as infallibly spill the neophyte. A fat German lad in attendance sets the speed through all these contortions with perfect equanimity; but you see he knows what is going to happen, and, *drei in fünf*, conveys to him exactly where to clutch and how to balance himself. I don't suppose that any one could learn to ride from a course of lessons on the mechanical horse; but it is a curious scientific toy, and certainly worth visiting.

The grand stir which has arisen lately for celebrating the tercentenary anniversary of Shakespeare's birth has succeeded thus far in calling forth that *entourage* of "duffing" which clings to every great attempt. The Urban Club, a highly respectable body of convivial literati and their admirers, and the Dramatic Authors' Society have united together, and are working steadfastly and well. But, lo! another society arises in the person of one individual, Mr. Adolphus Francis, who announces a theatrical performance under the patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales—(these young people are paying for their position: they are now to public amusements what the old Duke of Cambridge used to be to public dinners)—at which "sixty eminent artists will appear!" And note, if you please, that at a Shakespeare festival the language in which Shakespeare wrote is either no fine or not comprehensive enough, so that in the bill this theatrical performance is termed a "Mélange Dramatique." One of the gentlemen whose names are announced on the committee, Mr. Sirling Coyne, says that such announcement is utterly unauthorised by him, and hints that the public should inquire the ultimate fate of the money which they are asked to subscribe. Mr. Webster writes to say that he has withdrawn, for reasons, the permission which he originally gave for any disengaged members of his company to appear; and, altogether, Mr. Francis's scheme does not look in a very healthy state.

The depositors and customers (this is the correct technicality, though it sounds shabby) of one of our leading joint-stock banks have just been very needlessly alarmed. A malicious or stupid report was set off at that the bank in question was unable to meet its engagements, and the result has been a terribly fierce "run." The history of this makes a sufficiently curious instance of the readiness with which the slightest whisper against financial credit bears its fruit. Some country cheques were paid into one of the district branches, and a heavy cheque drawn against them, before they had been "cleared"—that is, before their validity had been ascertained. In strict accordance with the laws and customs of banking, the manager declined to honour this cheque, explaining that, until those placed to the credit of the drawer had been presented, it was contrary to rule to consider them as money. To the ordinary intellect this would appear a natural and common-sense proceeding enough. But the individual concerned thought other wise, and proclaimed far and wide that the bank had stopped payment. Rumour, with her hundred tongues, took up the cry, and the result was, as I have said, a persistent and pertinacious "run." When the anxious crowds found that they had no difficulty in getting their money, that the managers were courteous and the clerks urbane, it occurred to them that they had acted hastily, and, in many instances, large sums were paid back over the counter within a few hours of their withdrawal. In spite of there not being the least real ground for either anxiety or alarm, the price of the shares was temporarily affected; and though those versed in financial tactics say that the bank "stands all the better for it now," still this seems a poor compensation for the worry and badgering its officials have undergone. The whole affair seems to have been one of ill-humoured misstatement and silly credulity, and it would be a satisfactory retribution if the ears of the original scandalmonger could be nailed (metaphorically) to the wall.

Has not the Accidental Death Insurance Company grown unwontedly punctilious? I see that its advertisement now stipulates that insurers must be persons of temperate habits; and it seems obvious that this restriction will materially impair its usefulness. That the ordinary life offices should exact temperance is legitimate enough, but that a company appealing solely to the fear of accidental death should seek to exclude from its operations the very class to whom accidents are most likely to occur, is surely a singular instance of mistaken caution.

Have you not noticed how the advertising-van nuisance is threatening us again? Since doughty Colonel Sibthorpe carried his measure, and

the unwieldy monsters with "Jollien's C. carts" or other labels on their ugly sides were suppressed, London thoroughfares have never been so assailed as now. Vans for advertising, and advertising only, mere shells on wheels, are illegal; but who can prevent a tradesman or a company sending out carts and waggons for the delivery of goods? It is difficult, if not impossible, to lay an embargo on these, and the result is, that our already over-crowded streets are frequently blocked by monstrous vehicles, with the names and occupations of their astute proprietors prominently painted thereon. Every passer-by, as well as every passenger by "bus" or cab, is made aware that it is "Brown's Blacking," or "Jones's Shirts" that stop the way; and, although they evoke much ill-feeling and bad language, still the enterprising Brown and the vivacious Jones attain the publicity they seek. Meanwhile the public suffer; and, as I counted, one day this week, thirteen yellow carts being driven in procession down Piccadilly, each cart having the name of its proprietors inscribed in staring letters upon its side, there seems no limit to the nuisance, save in the purse of the advertiser.

One of the greatest club successes I have heard of is "The Gridiron," or "The Grafton," as it is indiscriminately called. With a merely nominal subscription and entrance-fee, this young club has hit what appears to be a popular want. Its dinners are confined to dishes cooked on the gridiron; its cellars are stocked judiciously; its situation is central (Grafton-street, Piccadilly); and the result of this combination of simplicity, cheapness, and convenience is that its list of members is being rapidly filled up. Members of the leading clubs are, it is said, admitted without ballot.

His Grace of York, who is honorary Chaplain to the "Devil's Own," is announced to preach a sermon to the volunteers on the 24th inst. Westminster Abbey is the place selected, and both honorary and effective members of corps will be admitted by ticket.

Talking with a friend just returned from Zurich, I learn that the Polish General Rochembrun, accompanied by two of his Staff, is basking in the amenities of that city. Now, inasmuch as we have all read of this officer as taking active part against the Russians, this proof positive that he is not in the field does not augur well for the national cause.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

Mme. Ristori has paid us a third visit, and is now playing on the "off" nights at HER MAJESTY'S. She opened on Monday in "Medea." The audience was sparse, but enthusiastic; and all the well-known points so often written about were made with all her wonted force. The stage is almost too distant from the audience for the face-play and other nuances of the actress to be seen. But, on the other hand, the acoustic properties convey every whisper—and here is a good deal of whispering—to delighted ears. *Elisabetta Regina d'Inghilterra*, *Placida Tullio*, and other great parts of Mme. Ristori's repertoire will be given during her engagement.

Mr. Fechter and Mr. W. Montgomery have parted—not on the best of terms. More of this next week.

THE ARCHERY MEETING AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE jovial life of Robin Hood and his forest band in the "merrie green wood" has been the theme of songs, and pictures, and stories innumerable; and it is probable that, in the fine summer weather, when the trees were in full leaf, and the grass was dry, and the moss soft and yet not too spongy, the outlaws had a pleasant time of it, especially if they came across a well-provided ecclesiastic early in the day, and bagged a train of sumpter mules.

But this life in the greenwood—when the autumn leaves began to drift before the wind, and the "emerald turf" was soaked under the bare branches, and the fat ecclesiastics kept close quarters, and the fagots wouldn't burn, and the shooting-season was dull, and there were no more archery meetings at which to win silver arrows and heavy purses—must have been a very tolerable affair. The rosette haze thrown around all the "merrie sports" and the gaiety of the sylvan revels forbid the commonplace prosaic eye to discern all the rheumatism, the catarrh, the muddy Lincoln green, the saturated russet boots, the relaxed bowstrings, the ill-cooked venison, the flat wine and ale, the dirt, the discomfort, and the ill-temper which must at some period of the year have been involved in this state of existence. Well, fortunately for us, we can play at forest life and go to live in the "merrie greenwood" for a day or for half a day, taking our champagne lunch with us, and leaving the carriages at a convenient distance in case of rain; or perhaps, better still, can hold a grand archery meeting in the Crystal Palace grounds, and there, quite independent of the elements, retire to the transept for refreshments, and only repair to the butts between the showers.

It was under these circumstances that the great meeting was held on Thursday and Friday last week, and all that can be said is that, if Robin Hood, Little John, Allan-a-Dale, the Miller, and the rest of that noble band of outlaws, often had such weather on their gala days, it is no longer a matter of wonder that they were always knocking each other on the head with quarter-staves, and in general making themselves mutually disagreeable.

Still, the Crystal Palace is the Crystal Palace; and, as its advertisements say, "wet or dry," it possesses such numberless attractions as to make the very worst weather bearable. The grounds on the occasion of the archery meeting looked charming, even under the heavy sky and the almost continued downpour of the rain; and in the intervals between the showers the ardour of the fair enthusiasts knew no abatement, while their graceful efforts and the picturesque effect of their dresses moved the admiration of all beholders, even under such adverse circumstances as an almost constant downpour. Had the weather been fine and bright, the whole scene would have been one of the most charming which has been presented in these beautiful gardens for many a day. As it was, the difficulties which were so bravely surmounted afford a proof that the object of the aspirants after fame was rather to exhibit their proficiency as markswomen than to contribute to a mere showy ceremonial. The weather will have had the effect of trying the genuineness of their regard for the sport which was the means of bringing them together.

It is scarcely surprising, considering the high wind and tempestuous weather on the Thursday, that on the part of the gentlemen, with the exception of Messrs. Coulson and Townsend, who shot up to their mark, the shooting was not so successful as on many previous occasions. Although Mr. Ford gained the highest score of the day, it was evident that, from the weakness of his right hand, he could not contend with the wind. Mr. Edwards, the champion, made but an indifferent score. The best at 100 yards was made by Mr. Barrard, who scored 116, but did nothing afterwards. Mr. Ford scored at the three distances 96, 136, and 100 332; Mr. Townsend, 73, 159, 96—328; Mr. Coulson, 106, 139, 67—312; Mr. Edwards, 102, 102, 82—286; Colonel Clowes scored 284. The best golds were at 100 yards, Captain Betham; at 80 yards, Mr. Talman; and at 60 yards, Mr. Partridge.

At the two distances Mrs. Horniblow scored 140, 113—253; Mrs. Walters, 111, 78—189; Mrs. Litchfield, 125, 63—188; Miss Chetwynd, 102, 86—188. The next highest score was made by Miss Betham—namely, 170. Mrs. Smyth made the best gold at 60 yards, and Mrs. Walters at 50 yards.

The following is the published list of prizes:—

LADIES.—Greatest gross score, Mrs. Horniblow, 601; second ditto, Mrs. Blaker, 463; third ditto, Mrs. Litchfield, 448; fourth ditto, Mrs. Walters, 415; fifth ditto, Miss F. Croker, 414. Greatest number of golds, Miss Chade, 7 (ie with Misses Spedding and Sowerby). Best gold of the meeting, Mrs. Smyth. Greatest score at 60 yards, Miss Eastwood, 267; ditto at 50 yards, Miss H. Chetwynd, 186. Best gold at 60 yards, Miss Fright; ditto at 50 yards, Miss Fowke. Mr. Aldred's extra prizes.—Greatest gross score, Mrs. Horniblow; second ditto, Mrs. Blaker; third ditto, Mrs. Litchfield.

GENTLEMEN.—Greatest gross score, Mr. Ford, 791; second ditto, Mr. Townsend, 675; third ditto, Mr. Coulson, 656; fourth ditto, Mr. Macnamara, 653; fifth ditto, Mr. Edwards, 637; sixth ditto, Mr. Tawney, 610. Greatest number of golds, Mr. Aston, 12. Best gold of the meeting, Mr. Norris. Greatest score at 100 yards, Mr. Barrard, 191; ditto at 80 yards, Colonel Clowes, 245; ditto at 60 yards, Mr. Partridge, 182. Best gold at 100 yards, Captain Betham; ditto at 80 yards, Mr. Talman; ditto at 60 yards, Mr. Steel. Mr. Aldred's extra prizes.—Greatest gross score, Mr. Ford; second ditto, Mr. Townsend; third ditto, Mr. Coulson.

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE LONG RECKONING.

(Continued from page 411.)

CHAPTER XII.

The Dowager Lady Wolverstone was a contemporary of the Countess of Pemberton, and their acquaintance dated fifty years back, when they were girls together. In those early days the Honourable Georgiana Austrey, only sister of Algernon, Viscount Ormesdale, with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds down, and good looks and abilities to match, had been quite as great a lady as the Honourable Philadelphia Haughton, second daughter of Philip, Baron Haughton, afterwards the Earl of Nalborough. The Honourable Georgiana and Lady Philadelphia subsequently had a misunderstanding which arose from a coincident preference for Lord Melmerby's grandfather. He, however, removed this source of discord by marrying Lady Mary Haughton, the elder sister. Lady Philadelphia had to put up with Charles Wrottesworth, then a rising young barrister on the Northern Circuit, and member for Harcarst, not at that date heir presumptive to the Pemberton title, being second son of Robert, next brother of Charles, the then Earl. He only succeeded on the death of his elder brother and uncle, a few years after Georgiana had accepted Sir Montagu Wolverstone, a dashing and showy young Baronet in full possession of his twelve thousand a year.

Twelve thousand a year and a handsome young Baronet cannot be considered a bad match in the abstract. But in the concrete everything mundane is good or bad by comparison, and comparison lies between ourselves and our contemporaries.

It was all very well as long as her former rivals Mary and Philadelphia lived in a small way, as the wives of heirs apparent and presumptive; but when their respective Lords came into possession of the gigantic territories on either side of the narrow strip of Luptesley, Lady Wolverstone felt her position in the world subside unpleasantly.

She was of the world, worldly; and her ambition met with many more disappointments than triumphs. Her husband, Sir Montagu, in mature age made a much less distinguished figure in Parliament than he had during his youth done in ballrooms, hunting-fields, and on racetracks.

Her son's marriage was another failure. It was a respectable connection enough, to be sure; but she had done all a mother could to secure one of the Wrottesworth girls. It was something that her nephew Lord Ormesdale should have collaterally strengthened the family connection by marrying Lady Charlotte; but Lady Charlotte was the particular Wrottesworth girl she had set her heart on for her son.

Her only great success had been in securing Lord Tintagel for her daughter, and a pretty husband and son-in-law he made. On the whole, the dowager was a disappointed woman, who conceived that destiny and the world had used her badly. It never occurred to her that she had made a bad use of the world and destiny.

It was, nevertheless, to be set to the credit side of the old lady's account with the world and destiny, that, in spite of all her thwarted schemes and scantily remunerating ventures, she never lost her energetic spirit and brisk humour. She neither turned sour and snappish nor languid and indifferent. She had kept on cheerful terms of intimacy with the neighbours whose excess of prosperity privately embittered her existence, and she was as ready, now near the age of seventy, to push her son's political and her granddaughter's matrimonial fortunes as if she had never known what it was to find pushing of no avail.

"This is, indeed, very good of you, dear Georgiana. You are truly a dauntless woman to brave this wintry weather and come over those terrible slippery hills in all this snow to see us. And so this pretty young lady is your poor dear Alice's daughter? How does she like these arctic circles after the sunny skies of the south?" so said the Countess of Pemberton, making the commonplace words valuable by their tone of cordial welcome, and the kind smiling interest with which she admired the new granddaughter, who had been brought for her inspection.

"And how is my namesake and dear little great niece, Georgiana the younger?" said Lady Wolverstone, when she had returned the Countess's salutations, "I have brought her a new cousin."

Georgiana Austrey the younger (by fifty-five years) came forward to be kissed by her great aunt, and, having gone through that ceremony in a meek, unobtrusive manner, she turned to her new cousin and took her hand, with a look neither timid nor bold; but that calm, clear, innocent and yet searching expression of childish inquiry which puts the countenance and character under its instinctive scrutiny to a severe test.

Children are supposed to be great judges of character. At any rate, they know a genuine expression from an artificial one; and those who have anything ugly in their hearts as a rule meet children with an artificial benevolence, overlying painful self-consciousness.

This is the aspect at which an infant cries; a small toddle declines to "go to that lady" (who is beaming like Eddystone Lighthouse over sunken rocks), turns back after a few steps, accomplished under mild maternal propulsion, and resolutely hides its diminished nose in the maternal petticoat.

Georgiana was in the last days of her childhood, but her single-eyed perception of character was not yet disturbed by the collateral self-criticism which confuses and refracts the rays of simple intuition. If Lady Julia had proved altogether satisfactory, Georgiana, on the strength of their relationship and because she had been kissed by the old lady, would have put up her sweet young face to be kissed by cousin Julia. But cousin Julia, with all her beauty, was "not quite nice."

The only other persons present in Lady Pemberton's boudoir at the moment were little Lady Helen and Margaret Strensal. Margaret felt a lively interest in the heroine of her brother's letters from Italy, about whom she had been able to extract very few particulars since Edmund had returned within range of her eager cross-questioning, so that she was still invested with a romantic halo of mystery.

After a few moments, when a question arose of taking off heavy fur pelisses and bonnets, Margaret volunteered to take charge of the young lady, whom she carried off to her room. There she busied herself amiably in unfolding the beautiful inner butterfly from its chrysalis outdoor *exuvie*. She drew out a rushing rustle of broad-ribbon bows, delicately lifted off the bonnet, touched up and smoothed down the roughened places in the coiffure, expanded the collapse of ample silken draperies, apt to lose the picturesque of their folds in the compression of carriage travelling. All this she did with great expedition and a playful vivacity of manner, with a fragmentary accompaniment of feminine talk, whose topics are not far to fetch or difficult to find during the suggestive manipulation of hooks and eyes and hairpins.

"And now, if you will look in the long glass door of the hanging wardrobe, and see if I have made you nice, you will be able to give me a character as a lady's-maid. You know, there might be a revolution, or we might be ruined like the people in story-books. The families of heroines in novels are very subject to be ruined, and then they go out as nursery governesses. Do you think that would be good fun?"

"It would be good fun if one was the heroine of a novel; because, when the author is tired of your trials with naughty children, he makes a wonderful fine hero out of his own head on purpose to fall in love with you and find out that you are a princess in disguise, after he has sacrificed everything to throw himself at your feet. I think in real life it would be pleasanter to be a lady's-maid. It is better to be in the first aristocracy below stairs than the fag end above."

"That is what Lucifer says in 'Paradise Lost.'"

"Does he? I never could read 'Paradise Lost.' It is harder than Dante, and not near so amusing. Do you know Italian?" said Julia, turning her neck so as to get a view over her shoulders of her back hair.

"Not much. I am going to have an Italian governess to finish me in the language and singing; but my brother has taught me a little Italian, along with what he calls a foundation of Latin, to

show me how Latin words change in passing through Italian into French."

"Who is your brother, if I may be so impertinent?"

"That is another way of saying who am I? You didn't hear my name, to be sure. Who do you think I am?"

"I only know you are 'dear Margaret'; that is all I heard little Georgiana call you."

"Come, let us go towards the drawing-room, there is the great bell. They will be going to luncheon. Won't you guess once who I am, just for fun, while we go along the passages? We have a great way to go before we get to the drawing-room where they assemble."

"You called Lady Pemberton Aunt Philadelphia?"

"Yes; she is my great aunt."

"Are you Lady Margaret Haughton?"

"There is no such person. You know my brother?"

"Well, then, Lady Margaret Jarnwith? but I did not know Lord Gaveloch had any sisters."

"He has only one brother and no sisters. You give it up? Well, then, my brother is Edmund Strensal, and a very nice brother he is, though I say it, that should not. But I wouldn't change him for anybody else's brother in the world."

Lady Julia's face changed a little at the mention of Strensal's name; very likely Margaret was watching her to see if it would change. But, after a momentary start, Julia reflected that the friendly overtures from his sister were the best possible proof that Strensal had breathed nothing against her. Her face brightened as she thought so, and Margaret made up her mind that Lady Julia loved her brother.

Margaret, feeling rather proud of her penetration in divining, and her skill in verifying this important fact, put her arm round dear Julia's waist, and so brought her along the corridor.

"He never told me he had a sister called Margaret," said Julia, trying to pretend that her sudden pause was entirely from surprise.

"How very naughty of him! But you believe in me now you see me and feel me? I am not an imaginary sister—I am very solid and real."

"I believe you are a very real and solid sister, indeed, dear Margaret. How old are you?"

"Sixteen and very near three-quarters, and I weigh ten stone nine. How old are you, dear Julia, and what do you weigh?"

"I am seventeen and a half, and I weigh just about half a cantar."

"What in the world is that?"

"I have never been weighed in England, and I don't know what a cantar is in English weights and measures. But a cantar is a hundred rotoli, and a rotolo is thirty-three Neapolitan ounces; so if you take fifty times thirty-three that is my weight in Neapolitan ounces; and then those ounces are not the same as ours, and, perhaps, you might have to multiply by thirteen and divide by fifteen, before you get it in English ounces. So you had better given up my weight as I gave up your name."

"I can guess it pretty near," said Margaret, tightening her hold on Julia's waist and lifting her off her feet. "About nine stone and a half."

"Set me down, you great giants," cried Lady Julia, feeling for the ground on tiptoe; and so, with laughter and a fresh shaking out of rustling skirts, they came to the drawing-room and found most of the party gathered. Margaret led Lady Julia to her mother and presented her. Julia thought Lady Matilda a little cold and distant. She was a large, comely matron, with a quiet, serious manner, touched with a gentle melancholy and a subdued anxiety of expression. Her voice was soft and kind; but for all that, Lady Julia felt very much less at ease with Margaret's mother than with Margaret herself. Lord Melmerby came up, along with John Jarnwith, and both were introduced. Melmerby made a small joke or two and moved away. But John remained, and when, after a minute or two's conversation, there was a move towards luncheon, he gave her his arm. Edmund seemed busy talking to Barbara Haughton, and went down to luncheon with her, having shown no sign of any particular interest in Lady Julia.

This negligent indifference on her brother's part surprised and disappointed Margaret, who was on the alert to take note of phenomena such as might corroborate her foreshadowed romance; and she began to wonder whether it could already be an absolutely settled thing, from which she and her mother were being kept in the dark. She could hardly believe such a thing of him, for she had always cherished an undoubting faith in her brother's open sincerity of character.

She was loth to dismount him from his lofty place in her Pantheon of the personified virtues, where, erect and square-shouldered (he representative beau-ideal of frankness, truth, candour, or whatever else may be the name of that completeness of nobility in manhood which has no mean expression to disguise—no undigested bearing to drape), his image stood sculptured in the stainless parian of a maiden sister's thought, flinging behind him the mantle's parted folds—crushing the trampled mark beneath his heel.

Still there was no denying that ever since Edmund's return from Italy he had seemed both to his mother and sister much changed. His spirits were less joyous and exuberant; and all attempts to extract more than mere generalities with respect to the transactions of that expedition had been met with a reserve which was a new feature in their experience of his nature and disposition.

More especially he had turned a deaf ear to inquiries that related to the sayings and doings of Lady Julia; for he distrusted his talent for fiction, and thought it safer to decline the topic altogether and let them think what they pleased in the lump than allow his female inquirers to distinguish between the interrogatories he was at liberty to answer and those on which his promise of secrecy tied his tongue.

He had found Lady Julia's confidence a much more serious burden than he expected, even in her absence. And now she was come into the neighbourhood there was no telling to what amount of inconvenience it might subject him. While he was pulling off his boots, before luncheon, he had resolved that the best method was to keep out of the way. He did not yet feel sufficiently secure from the influence of her personal attractions to approach her with unfeigned indifference. He felt sure that her restless talents for creating an interest would soon lay hold of some other object if he resolutely held himself aloof. His mother, he had reason to know, would be glad to see him devote some little attention to Lady Barbara Haughton, a pretty and amiable young lady who interested him uncommonly little, and he took occasion to dedicate himself to this uncommittal task. At the same time, he felt annoyed at the indiscreet readiness with which his sister had adopted Julia into her intimacy, and he had a painful foreboding of the unpleasant consequences which might ensue if his own most intimate friend, John Jarnwith, were to prove the next victim of the siren's fascinations.

CHAPTER XIII.

Lady Julia knew that John Jarnwith was Edmund Strensal's most intimate friend, and as she descended the great staircase on his arm she wondered how much of her own history he might be in possession of. It was possible a man might conceal such things as Strensal knew of her from his female relatives, and yet not be proof against the freer forms of inquiry with which men ply men when they are in the habit of exchanging confidential gossip.

The first thing to ascertain was whether he had any anxiety to make out from herself more than he already knew, for such curiosity would be a mark of his friend having used a special reticence in her affairs. If, on the other hand, Strensal had let him into the secret, he would be unlikely to drop any allusion that might betray his friend's indiscreet revelations. She would therefore avoid all reference to her acquaintance with his brother and all mention of Italy; so that if the conversation during luncheon came round to her father's recent marriage, and Lord Gaveloch's disappointment, these topics should take their origin distinctly from Jarnwith.

"What a large gathering of luncheon-eaters!" she said. "I had an impression that young men despised luncheon."

"Only in the same sense that young ladies despise dinner. Civilization has over multiplied meals. Men breakfast and women lunch in earnest, and in both instances the next meal is only for amusement; in effect, indeed, one breakfasts very early, as we did this morning for the sake of the wild ducks. But it is not only to-day that brings us back so punctually to-day. After luncheon to-day was the time

appointed for our next —. By-the-way, I don't know whether I may tell you what is the nature and purpose of our mysterious conclave after luncheon."

"I can be trusted to keep a secret when there is a secret to keep; but I think I know about the conclave. I have just now overheard whispers about rehearsal; and even in the outer world there are flying rumours of plays to be acted at Wrottesworth. But whether to be performed for the benefit of the neighbourhood, or only in your own domestic circle, the oracles of county gossip have not determined, at least not unanimously."

"They would be wonderful people if they had; for the fact is, we have not made up our own minds yet. You know how proverbially complicated and quarrelsome a business it is to get up a play where all the parts are ready written, and there is nothing to do but cast the parts and learn them. You know, also, how proverbially terrible a thing it is to have a skeleton in a house. Now we are labouring under a double compound of these trials, for we are getting up a couple of plays in the house, and each play is a skeleton."

"I should think it must be capital fun to take up a character and clothe it in one's own expression, without learning a string of words by heart. It ought to be much more like real life than anything on the stage."

"So it ought, and so it is; and that is the reason why, on the stage, it is likely to be a total failure. Real life is not dramatic. At least to every grain of the dramatic element in real life there is a ton of what is mere husk and refuse for the stage. The drama is otto of life, each drop squeezed out of a million rose-leaves. Real life is full of unnecessary words and inconsequent actions. The drama under the providence of the dramatist only occupies itself with words and deeds that lead to something."

"Does not every word and deed in real life lead to something, too? If everything that is being said and done in this confusion of tongues at table (where we can only just hear each other speak), if each conversation were taken separately and distinctly, and magnified so as to be visible and audible to a theatre full of people, I believe a great deal of it would be amusing and some of it highly interesting. It seems to me it is only because there are so many different dramas going on at once on the same stage so perplexedly, and unwinding themselves so gradually, that we miss the drift and dénouement of the thousand and one romances, scraps of which only are enacted in our presence."

"And our presence, if we are attending to it, may very often spoil the scrap's interest to the performers. If we are not attending we cannot tell how interesting it may be. If we are not present we cannot possibly be attending; and to make a real-life drama interesting our attention would have to be fixed from beginning to end on a course of events which are measured by weeks and years instead of the hours and minutes of the mimic representation."

"The essence of the drama is that it foreshortens life. Unless the drama is like this it would have no interest. The difficulty in the extemporaneous drama is that you have to get your real men and women to foreshorten themselves, and their expression of what they are, and think, and feel, into proportions of dramatic possibility."

"There is that dear young lady, with deep violet eyes, and flossy, fawn-coloured hair, seems to take a great interest in our conversation, which must be perfectly inaudible across the table. I don't mention her name, because no distance makes one's own name inaudible. I wonder whether she thinks we are foreshortening ourselves into proportions of dramatic possibility? She looks like a good angel in a picture; and she was so kind to me, and took me to her room to make me tidy for luncheon, before I even knew who she was."

"She not only looks, but is like a good angel; and she is kind to everybody. I don't mean to disparage the specialness of her interest in you—that is a part of her femininity, not her angelic nature."

"Now you are beginning to talk in riddles. What is there in feminine nature that is unangelic?"

"If I were to sacrifice truth to compliment, I should say 'nothing.'"

"Nothing is a very scanty compliment to feminine nature; but what would you say if you were to sacrifice compliment to truth?"

"I should begin by confessing that I knew nothing whatever about angelic nature except by feminine analogies."

"That I suppose is the compliment you begin by laying on the altar of truth preparatory to cutting its throat with the sharp edge of some sarcasm against the victim sex."

"Nay; I have nothing very novel or serious to say in detraction of the creature fair and bright, With something of an angel's light;

nothing newer than grandmother Eve's transgression, nothing more serious than curiosity."

"And you mean to insinuate in that circuitous way that the fair and bright young creature (whose violet eyes I feel on my forehead at this moment, though my own have been fixed, ever since I first met her, on the anatomy of this pheasant's pinion bone on my plate)—you mean to say she was so kind to me out of mere curiosity because I was something new?"

"On the contrary, because you were something old."

"We have compared notes on our ages, and I am only nine months older than she is herself."

"Nine days are enough to confer the dignities and immunities of extreme old age on wonders and mysteries."

"Well?" said Lady Julia, laying down her knife and fork, and raising her eyes from the pinion bone with a sudden glance which seemed to flash fire into the middle of the young man's brain.

"What have mysteries and wonders to do with me?" As she spoke a light flickered up from the depths of her dark, earnest eyes, and the momentary glimpse of anxious, piercing scrutiny dissolved in a pleasant smile. It was a real smile, and sprang from a sur of satisfaction in her breast as she perceived that her power had taken effect, and the redoubtable friend was not only yet unprejudiced against her, but readily amenable to her spells. Nor was it merely an emotion of triumph in the strength of her charm, and relief on the assurance of security; these elements were mixed with a sense of liking to the man.

To begin with, John Jarnwith was not like a stranger to her. There is a sort of acquaintance by inheritance from previously known brothers and cousins, which (if there be any real or apparent likeness) serves very near as well, nay, sometimes better, than previous acquaintance with a person's self.

A great deal depends on what the French call the *abord*, which may be both literally and literally translated the embarkation in acquaintanceship. If you feel to know a person at once by some intuitive analogy, your confidence and ease are a great provocative to liking in the person whom you seem so readily to appreciate, and to whom you spare all that stiff, cautious blundering which is the truly British preface to communication between individuals newly exhibited to each other.

There is something very flattering in being let off the standard test examination concerning the weather, without which so few specimens of common humanity dare to take it for granted that the conversational mechanism of their fellow-creature is in a state of working repair to be put in motion without peril of some disastrous crash.

As the weather is to conversation, so is this awkward, cautious fencing at arm's-length to mutual knowledge. Many excellent people, who might become pleasant friends, never get any further towards friendship than occasionally crossing the points of this *cheval de frise* outwork of manner just far enough to be sure that the points are ragged and the material rusty.

No doubt a certain amount of dangerous enemies as well as pleasant friends are kept away by the hedgehog system, but, on the whole, it is a disadvantage and an impediment to society; so much so that, if by any accidental or fanciful resemblance in mere outward appearance to a person well known we are induced to use less reserve than usual with a stranger, in nine cases out of ten the acquaintance so formed will be more agreeably and effectually cemented, even though the anticipated analogy of character turn out absolutely fallacious. The particular mistake is in supposing a special resemblance is absorbed in the general truth that mankind are sufficiently homogeneous to be best treated on the presumption of probable sympathy, with the confident expectation of a mutual understanding.

These observations, like most other remarks which arise in literature or real life, are too general for the occasion they were intended to

illustrate. There was a decided resemblance, both as to the outward and inward men, between John Jarnwith and the brother and cousin through whom Lady Julia seemed to know him, as it were, at first sight. He was better-looking than Lord Gaveloch, and more compactly built both as to body and mind. There was a certain impulsive weakness about Gaveloch—a predominance of passion over intellect and principle, which in the younger brother's kindred temperament was corrected by a larger allowance of the two governing elements. In mind he resembled Strensal, but a swifter pulse of passion and a trifle less caution gave greater liveliness of expression and freer play to the qualities in the man. John Jarnwith was more impressionable, more perceptive, less reserved, than his cousin Edmund, who concealed beneath the surface of his calm, well-balanced character large and deep qualities of heart and brain which it required the consentaneous momentum of moral and intellectual conviction, in some great cause or important crisis, to set in motion.

"What have wonders and mysteries to do with you, indeed? Why, you are the great mystery we have all been wondering about ever since we got a tantalising glimpse of you in one of Edmund's letters from Naples. Just one glimpse, in glowing colours, like a celestial apparition swallowed up by the darkness of impenetrable silence. Since his return we cannot get him to tell us a word about you. Moreover, he is so changed since he came back from Naples we hardly know him. And if you still require to be told why the good angel over the way takes such an interest in you, perhaps she thinks he left his heart behind him, and as you are the last arrival from that neighbourhood, perhaps she fancies the missing organ may have been forwarded by the same opportunity."

"Oh!" said Lady Julia, with a long-drawn, deepening intonation, which makes that interjection a feminine equivalent for the male vocable "wow!" at the same time warping her features to a humorous expression of sudden enlightenment, "is that a sort of thing that ever happens to him? How I must have misjudged him! I he really susceptible and tender-hearted under all that business-like imperturbability of demeanour? I should never have suspected him of parting with anything so important as his heart without a deed of transfer duly drawn up and attested in the most regular manner. I, for my part, made up my mind, from what I saw of him, that his romantic faculties, if he has any, are completely smothered under immovable masses of prudence and common sense. But then I saw him, perhaps, at a disadvantage, for his mission seemed to be to neutralise the impracticable schemes of his excitable companion Lord Gaveloch is your brother, and I beg his pardon for calling him 'excitable,' and your cousin's pardon if I have unjustly thought him a little prosaic."

"We made out as much as this by Edmund's first letter, that you had been so amiable as to declare in poor Gaveloch's favour. But, even with your powerful support, it appears he had no chance. I never thought she really cared much for him; and, though I would not for the world disparage your charming stepmother, I feel sure, if he had brought her back in triumph after his wild-goose chase, he would very soon have regretted his too-fortunate star. Love affects different men with very various degrees of blindness. But I never saw any man so utterly blinded by love to all the disadvantages of a marriage as poor dear Ernest was at the end of last season."

"I fear," said Lady Julia, shaking her head with a wise gravity, "that loving is like dreaming, in more than the mere poetical sense, which is so trite. In prosaic earnest, neither can be done with the eyes open. People talk of day dreams and reveries; and that is just about as much like real dreaming as a matrimonial inclination pursued with a prudent wide-awakefulness to consequences is like real love. If a man is really in love, he is covered up in it. He does not wear it loose on his sleeve, like a hussar jacket, more for ornament than warmth. It envelops him like a cloak; and more than a cloak, for he is over head and ears in it. He is wrapped up in it; sewn up tight in it, like the Count of Monte Christo in his sack, ready to be thrown down any height of precipice into any depth of roaring sea to escape from that dungeon of doubt and despairing uncertainty which, if Bunyan had written a pilgrimage of love instead of faith, he would have called the castle of IF with more meaning in the name. The true love of the days of old, that would plunge in a bottomless abyss and scale impregnable ramparts, and fight any number of giants and dragons, is dying out of the world, or dead."

"Well it may, when the giants and dragons have disappeared, and it has become quite as much a matter of doubt in this age of sceptical investigation whether the romantic devotion of ancient champions be not an extravagant creation of the fabulist, as untraceable to real human nature as the skeletons of the monsters they slew are undiscoverable by Professor Owen. It would add very greatly to the interest of such studies if the paleontologist could now and then dig out of the drift a mammoth human skeleton thirty feet in stature (lying across the entrance of a real human-bone-paved ogre's cave), the left shoulder blade transfixed with a golden lance, and the remains of a faithful megalosaurus or two (which had served as the ogre's domestic dragons) lying near his feet. But, instead of golden lances of knights-errant and mammoth bones of giants, we find in the drift only wretched flint hatchets and spearheads, and base skulls and feeble bones of a shivering race of dwarfs who camped on the borders of frostbound lakes and chipped holes in the ice to wage war with fishes. The further back we go the more evidence we find of the world's gradual growth from small and mean beginnings; and, I believe, the world was never better and nobler than it is now. Human development is still in its blossom. The gardens of the Heperides were a dream of the future, not a shadow of the past, and all things will lead up to the golden year. The true knight-errant's career is not yet a dead letter; there are giants of wrong and oppression still gnawing the bones of men. There are still monstrous reptiles of selfishness and baseness and corruption, crawling in their slime and licking the feet of the oppressor. There are still deeds to be done, and there always will be, as long as brave hearts and strong hands are found in the world to do them. I have little doubt that there are several young men sitting at this table any of whom Cain would have had great difficulty in murdering without the help of cavalry or firearms. Nor do I believe that when Eve's new eyes first dawned on Eden they were brighter than—whose shall I say, for example?—looking round the table and cooing back with apparently no success in finding a better illustration than Lady Julia's own, though that was left to unspoken inference."

Though the party at Wrottesworth was a family party, there sat down nearer thirty than twenty at meals; and, as the majority were young and lively, there was quite sufficient general hubbub to make the above conversation private, as far, at least, as the words went.

But the conversation of a young lady and gentleman, however prosaic it may seem in the hard black and white of printed pages, has this analogy with song, that the words go for much less than the air.

Margaret, sitting nearly opposite, could catch very little of what was said across the wide table; but she had a full view of the manner of saying and hearing, and they seemed to take as much interest in the process as if they were conveying to one another the most profound thoughts in the most sparkling language.

None of the changes of expression were lost upon her, and, as a mutual intelligence and a mutual interest sprang up and flourished between the pair, her friendly feeling towards Julia waned and faded. Surely she was unwarrantably forward and familiar with so new an acquaintance. If it had been her brother she would have been prepared for such symptoms. Her brother was four or five places away, and when every now and then she saw his eyes directed towards the subjects of her own observation she detected an uneasiness in his expression which she attributed to a sense of Lady Julia's levity.

Margaret, seeming to herself sympathetically identified with her brother's situation and sentiments, felt angry with John (of course, only in her brother's cause) for his misbehaviour in making himself unnecessarily agreeable. She was angry with Lady Julia, too (also, of course, only for her brother's sake), for allowing herself to be so conspicuously absorbed and carried away by the currents of John's brilliant eloquence.

For poor dear Margaret, vexed as she might be with him for his indiscretion, did not doubt that his small talk was brilliant. John



GRAND ARCHERY FEIE IN THE GROUNDS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—SEE PAGE 426.

Jarnwith was in her estimation (next to dear Edmund, of course) the most Admirable Crichton in the world. He was her brother's nearest and dearest friend; she had known him with sisterly familiarity from her earliest childhood. He was almost the same as a second brother, only that he was, as a matter of fact, her second cousin; and these trivial matters of fact, however imperceptibly, do in the long run make a certain difference between actual and theoretical fraternity.

Luncheon was nearly over, and Lady Wolverstone had contrived to gather from Lord Ormesdale, seated next her, that both he and Lord

Pemberwold were disposed to adopt Strensl rather than Whitmarch as their favourite for the Balderland county stake, though neither of them, as Peers of the realm and residents in another county, were likely to take a prominent part either way, when a sudden commotion arose towards the other end of the long table.

The disturbance originated in no greater or more dignified cause than a single crumb of sponge-cake. This highly-privileged but perverse morsel had just crossed the ruby threshold and the pearly portals of a fair young creature's lips and teeth, or in less elaborately

jewelled phrase, it formed part of a mouthful which she was preparing, but was not quite prepared, to swallow, when some passage between Memerby and Whitmarch, who sat on each side of her (something ludicrous, at which she could not laugh without offence to the neighbour with his foot in the predicament, whatever it was), overcame her gravity. Mary Hartoft—for she was the fair young creature so situated—took the perilous course of suppressing her inclination to laugh; and perhaps she might have succeeded if she had not, unfortunately, caught Barbara Haughton's eye brimming with the



THE GRAND BALL AT THE GUILDHALL.—PROCESSION OF THE ROYAL PARTY ROUND THE HALL.—SEE PAGE 423

same spasmodic impulse. A conversation *à trois*, less confidential in tone than the tête-à-tête reported above, was audible over the way.

Whitmarch had been rather dogmatically laying down the law on some point of dramatic art; and one of Melmerby's blunt shafts of humorous absurdity gave the lofty seriousness of the argument an unexpected thump in the midriff, under which it sounded sublimely hollow, and collapsed, as it were, with a pop. Barbara, who not only heard what had been said, but saw Mary's look of explosive distress, between Melmerby's jolly, laughing face and Whitmarch's grim, artificial smile of annoyance, after a less forcible effort than her cousin to restrain it, went off into a violent fit of girlish giggles; and, of course, that gave the coup-de-grace to Mary.

Whitmarch looked as black as thunder, and was beginning to say something powerfully sarcastic, when he suddenly became aware that the young lady was choking in real earnest. Her beautiful clear complexion, which turned scarlet in the preliminary dilemma, was now of a livid purple; and her eyes—very pretty eyes, in their normal state—seemed hideously starting out of their sockets. She was not gasping, but convulsed in the frightful agony of attempting in vain to gasp.

There was a flattering rise of women to the rescue, and Margaret, being near at hand and ready in her application of the best remedy she knew of, was the first to deliver a sounding thwack between the sufferer's shoulders. This had the desired effect; she got her breath and began to gasp. By this time the troop of mothers were gathered into a tumultuous knot, and poor Mary, having narrowly escaped the Charybdis of smothering, fell into the Scylla of hysterics.

The junior branches were row ruthlessly

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES, DEDICATED BY NATURAL SELECTION TO DR. CHARLES DARWIN.



NO. 8.—AS QUIET AS A LAMB.—(DRAWN BY C. H. BENNETT.)

dispersed by parental authority, the room was cleared of all but an exceedingly select group of judicious matrons, headed by Mary's own mother, Lady Worsborough. The hysterics did not prove obstinate, and after a little sprinkling of cold water, and exhibition of double-barrelled scentbottles charged with sal-ammoniac and eau-de-cologne, it was considered safe to remove the patient to her mother's room.

News soon came by her sister, Charlotte Harfoot, that Mary was all right again, and had wanted to come down to the rehearsals, but mamma would not hear of it. Poor Mary was sentenced to lie on her mamma's bed and avoid all excitement, at least for the remainder of the day.

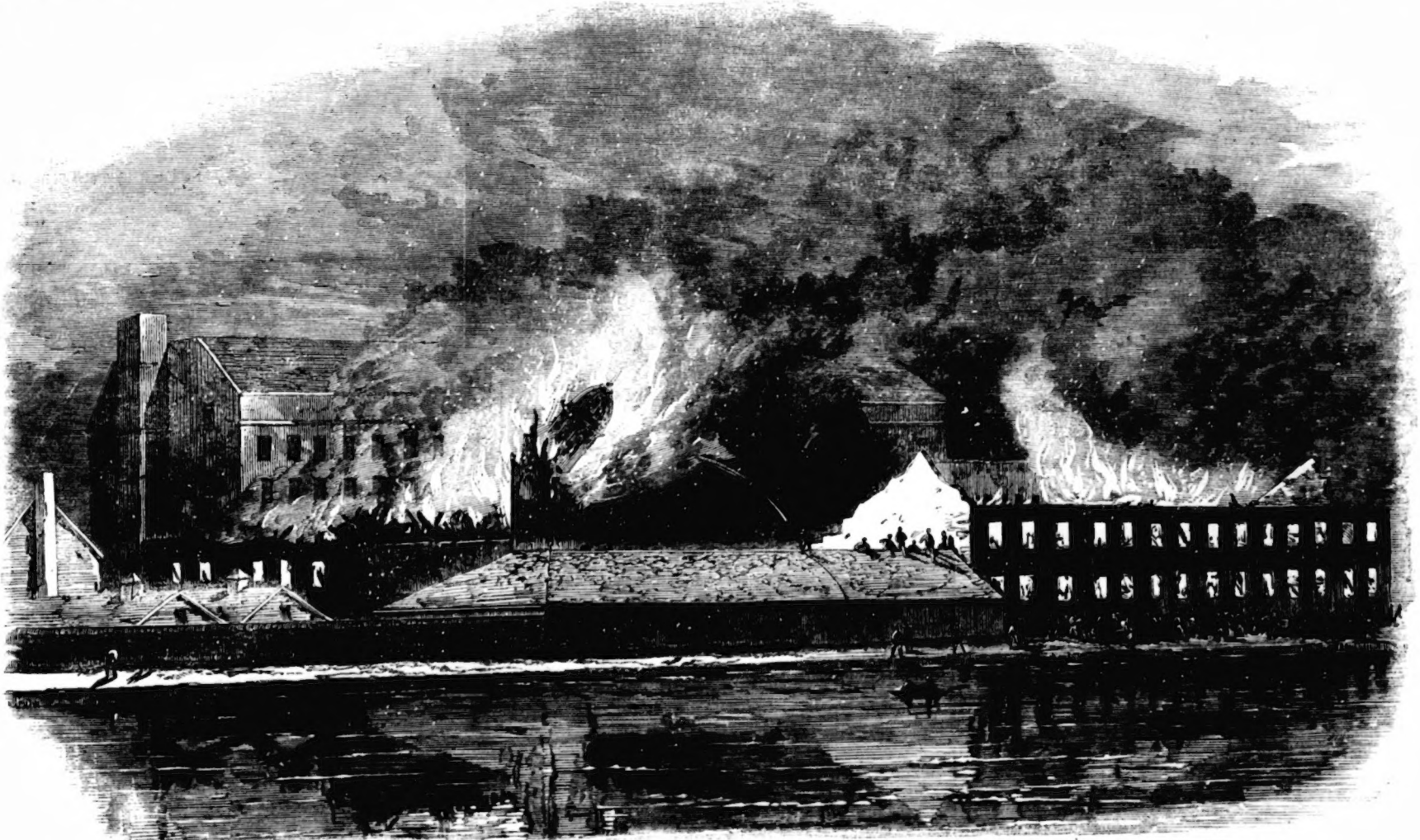
And then the question arose, how the rehearsals could go on without Mary, who was a principal figure, for good or evil, in both. Lady Julia said, "Might she have a peep at the theatre?" and thither she was escorted accordingly, and the rest of the young people came straggling after.

(To be continued.)

AS QUIET AS A LAMB.

Yes, poor young Man. They said to him, "You are as quiet as a lamb;" and, what is more to the point, so he was. You see him, full length, in our Illustration; and if he does not look sheepish it is because he is not quite old enough yet.

He went out with his Umbrella, his long-tailed Coat, and his billycock Hat, being under the impression that he would pass very well for a riotous young blade, equal to anything, least of all supposing that folks would know him for the young milkop he was. But, behold you! there were those who—like you and I—are quick at reading character; and they soon caught sight of the poor fellow's stern old Grandmother, concealed within his



DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE NORTH BRITISH INDIARUBBER COMPANY'S WORKS AT EDINBURGH.—(FROM A SKETCH BY E. F. CLARKE.)

green gingham Umbrella. They turned up that great green gingham Umbrella, up and up, till it disclosed the venerable Lady's cap, and Nose, and withered face, and then they pulled out his Hat into a body to match. "Now," said these keen students of human nature (you and I), "let us look him in the face." So, they looked him in the face until he came out all over Wool, walked on all fours, cried "Ma-a-a-a" distinctly, three times, and capered. He capered till he capered himself all to pieces—that is to say, all to three pieces. Two Batl-dores and a Shuttlecock, and then those clever ones—you and I—look each a Bat, and played the poor remnant of a coming Sheep, backward and forward, till they were tired of the trouble, and half ashamed of the sport.

C. H. B.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN EDINBURGH.

ON Sunday, the 7th inst., a fire broke out in the North British India Rubber Company's works at Fountainbridge, Edinburgh, which destroyed a large portion of the extensive range of buildings in which the manufacture of india-rubber is carried on. The fire began about twelve o'clock, in a three-story building forming the south side of the group; and operating on the highly inflammable materials, it quickly spread from end to end of the structure, and blazed with terrific force. The four town fire-engines and one from the castle, with a party of the 25th Regiment, arrived within an hour after the discovery of the fire, but were too late to prevent the flames extending to the buildings forming the east and west ends of the irregular square. The efforts of the fire brigade and military were mainly devoted to preserving a huge building of five stories and double attic on the north side, known as the Old Silk Mill, having been erected many years ago in connection with an abortive attempt to introduce the silk manufacture. For an hour and a half this immense building was in the utmost jeopardy from the fierce and rapid conflagration; but by three o'clock it was placed beyond danger. In the south building, from which there was no time to remove the inflammable stock, the fire raged like a volcano, and the stone walls were calcined and shattered to a degree which rendered it necessary to pull them down. Fortunately, a great portion of the stock in the other destroyed buildings was rescued. The damage, which was estimated at from £15,000 to £20,000, was fully covered by insurance. About five hundred persons were employed in the works, a portion of whom will be thrown out of employment for a time. The origin of the fire is unknown, the premises having been closed from the Saturday afternoon.

Our Engraving gives a representation of the conflagration during its progress. The building on the right is already gutted, the flames having reached the east wing behind. On the left is a wooden clock-tower, which burned with great brilliancy, and fell towards the yard, as shown in the Engraving. The building in the rear remained untouched. The view is taken from a bridge over the canal.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS—CORFU.

(Continued from page 414.)

THERE is a general idea prevalent that the Ionian Islands really belong to England as much as her various colonies and military possessions. A visit to the islands soon does away with any such notion. They form, beyond all doubt, an independent Republic, having a distinct code of laws, peculiar customs, a local Government, a President of their Republic, and an Assembly, who possess and exercise the great power of the purse-strings.

They pay a certain sum annually to the British Government to defray the expense of the protectorate; and out of this sum are derived the funds required for salaries of public officers and part of the cost of the army. This and the other money required for various purposes, independent of British protection, is obtained chiefly from export duties on currants and oil, and import duties on clothing and various miscellaneous articles of consumption. The oil duty is chiefly paid at Corfu, and most of the import duties are raised there also.

The public works of the island of Corfu are entirely under the control of the municipality; and the public men of the island have unfortunately preferred for many years past to lament and exclaim against their hard fate in not being ruled by King Ocho rather than set themselves to work to improve the country under their control. Many public works have therefore been greatly neglected. The most remarkable of these hitherto undertaken are the high roads and the waterworks. The former I spoke of in my last as having been at one time rather overdone; but for the last ten years they have been left to themselves, and it is only within the last few weeks that a sum of money has been voted to put them in order. Other large sums previously granted have been shamelessly and openly employed for electioneering purposes.

The police arrangements show with equal clearness the fact that the Ionian Islands form no part of England. Before leaving Corfu one's passport must go to the police-office, and permission must be obtained even to travel by steamer from one island to another. It is true that this is more for the satisfaction of Austrian than Ionian laws, but it is not the less troublesome. Many tiresome and annoying regulations of this kind—contrary to the Englishman's feeling of personal freedom—will be noticed after a short residence in the island.

The natural resources of Corfu are very great, and are capable of being developed if only the people were in the condition and possessed the inclination to do so. The staple of the island is oil, of which an immense quantity is made. The average export is stated at nearly three million gallons, worth about £100,000 sterling. This is, of course, in addition to the consumption in the island, which must be large in proportion to the population, as both the olive and the oil are important articles of daily food to every one, even of the lowest class. That this large quantity admits of great increase no one can doubt who is acquainted with the results of cultivation of the same tree in France and Northern Italy. But the experience of the few persons who cut a way dead wood, supply the roots with a little slow manure, and in any way attend to their trees, renders a reference to foreign customs unnecessary. It is perhaps partly owing to the management of the tree that, instead of an average annual crop, there is seldom a crop from the same tree two years together. It is only about once in ten years that the crop is really large. The yield of oil from the fruit might be improved and the quantity of oil largely increased.

There are valuable mineral resources that are as yet hardly known. Marble is present, and alabaster; and in at least one district there is a large supply of sulphur, under circumstances eminently favourable for its application to the vine. No one has ever thought of rendering this valuable mineral generally useful; and though some tons have been raised and used successfully in the district where it occurs, few people in the town of Corfu have the smallest idea that the island produces any available quantity.

But it will certainly be asked why, when such a thing is once known, it is not immediately seized hold of and brought into use, to the advantage of everybody. To understand this the Englishman must look a little behind the scenes. He must learn the feelings and habits of the people, their laws and their customs, and then he will see the utter impossibility, in the present state of affairs, of improving one or the other. Corfu, like some other countries, was once cursed with a Constitution for which it was not adapted. The people may be capable of anything, and may desire to take advantage of nature's liberality; but the laws relating to land are, and have long been, in such a state that every hand is tied, and all are prevented from free action, and even from beginning to help themselves in any way. It has hitherto been found quite impossible so to improve the tenure of land as to make it worth while for any one to attempt to purchase. And there can be no doubt that the determination not to simplify the law in this respect is the result of calculation and intention. If a title could be obtained, a great deal of land would change hands, some capital might be introduced, and the position of the lower classes would be much improved. But then the petty tyrants of the villages would lose their importance. Again and again has the attempt been made in vain, and probably, as long as the present Constitution is acted upon, no effort of England, as the protecting Power, will induce the Ionian Parliament to introduce practical and sound measures in reference to this matter. The Lord High Commissioner

has here no influence. Every attempt has been met with direct opposition or else has been shelved by a quiet interposition of everlasting delays. There is a prevalent notion that every movement must have some concealed object, and thus suspicion prevents even the most simple and manifest alterations of the old system. A land tax is dreaded if the land were set free; and direct taxation is what the Ionian cannot endure. He can bear not to receive more than half the profit that ought to be derived, and he will give up any merely prospective advantage; but, after touching proceeds, to refund any part, no matter how small, is more than his temper and philosophy can bear.

There can be no doubt that the time (1849) was ill chosen to put it in the power of the people of the Ionian Islands to stop their own progress. Corfu, as much as any of the islands, had largely benefited by that sort of English rule that prevailed before 1849, and another ten or twenty years of similar rule might have sufficed to produce a growth on which a modified liberty of the press and the right to control the public expenditure might safely have been ingrafted. But to remove the guiding hand when the work was less than half done has ended in something like ruin to the best interests of the people; and, as it is impossible to go back, the state of affairs has now become so unsatisfactory that England can gain little, either of credit or profit, by continuing her protectorate.

The determined traveller must find out and study the character of the people by wandering into the country, beyond the regular haunts of the lover of picnics. It is pleasant enough to drive in an easy carriage and in pleasant company through pretty country, to a picturesque spot, and after a short walk to find on one's return a handsome luncheon waiting to be eaten. But it is not exactly in this way that one becomes familiar with a new place. Away from the spots, so conveniently approached, there are wild and attractive beauties that the picnic tourist never sees. Noble cliffs, waterfalls, naked and often falling rocks, and villages, in which the people are still as they were a couple of thousand years ago, are to be found, and these, after all constitute the objects of chief interest in the country. In this way, too, the resources of the people and the country become understood, and a few excursions away from the road do more to inform one of the real state of the case than months spent in the towns.

Perhaps, in some respects, the most interesting part of Corfu is the north-western, or, more generally, the whole section to the north of the great chain of high land that forms the bar of the T already alluded to. Crossing what is called the Pass of Pantaleone, the highest parts of the island traversed by a carriage-road, we come down on the other side, rather precipitously, into a country greatly broken into small valleys, with little white villages here and there, generally on the mountain sides, and occupying prominent positions. It is evident that the natural strength of this district has secured it from the terror that elsewhere has induced the inhabitants to select the most secluded spots for their dwellings.

Keeping away to the left, and avoiding the better road, we soon notice that the face of the south side of the mountain is very precipitous, and occasionally we have glimpses of romantic rocks high away out of all reach. At last there seems an end of the carriageable road in the little village of Spague, and, as my visit had been announced, I found there two or three official people and the available population of the village, who meant to accompany me to a place where sulphur was being dug for the vines. A charming walk of half an hour or more, past several deep gorges, where sulphur was visible but not abundant, brought me to a little quarry consisting of alternating layers of a coarse kind of gypsum, fit for making plaster of Paris, and of pure sulphur. The whole rock was so full of sulphur that by merely tapping any part with the back of a knife, a most fetid smell was produced, and the quantity of sulphur perfectly pure was very large. The people had used it for the vines by powdering the rock and sulphur together; but they said that where the rock was found the vines had never had the disease. It was a very picturesque and amusing thing to see all the men and boys who had followed me grouped round, watching me most intently when I was making noes. When I went to examine the stones lying about, every one busied himself in bringing lump after lump of the same material; but when I pointed out the effect of a blow with the hammer, in bringing out the smell, they were especially delighted.

Besides the lump sulphur, which is said to extend very far and to continue very abundant, there are in the neighbourhood strong sulphur-springs. It is evident that the whole district is loaded with this important mineral, which, however, till now, has never been regarded as one of the sources of natural wealth belonging to the island of Corfu.

On passing through the village on my way back, I was expected to partake of the usual hospitality of the country, and I did not refuse a cup of very good coffee with a morsel of bread. I always find coffee in the middle of the day a most agreeable stimulus, and even if bread cannot be had, coffee alone is quite sufficient to take away for a time any uncomfortable feeling of exhaustion from hunger. On such occasions, when there is any object of public interest on view, the chief man of the village, generally a person of some means, always accompanies the stranger, and the coffee is given by him. It would not be at all liked that any recompense should be offered, nor would it be accepted.

The country people in these out-of-the-way parts of Corfu are much more pleasant and less troublesome than those met with in the towns. They are simpler, and their physiognomy is more distinctly Greek.

As a people, no doubt, all the Corfiotes are more idle and indifferent than the inhabitants of the other islands; but, although they have been spoilt in the towns by association with those hordes who always follow in the wake of soldiers and sailors to prey upon them, they have many admirable qualities, easily recognised in the country villages. Much of the fieldwork is done by women, and all classes delight in *festas* and church holidays, which are as numerous in the Greek Church as in that of Rome. On these occasions they walk in procession to the top of the highest mountain of the island; they dance their ancient dances to the music of life and drum in the forests; and they wear those national costumes which for the greater part of the year are shut up in boxes, or are safe in the custody of the pawnbroker. On these occasions, also, they indulge in a certain consumption of country wine, and "raki," a coarse, home-made spirit, not unpalatable but rather fiery. They rarely, however, get drunk, and are not very quarrelsome in their cups.

The priests of the Greek Church have a good deal of influence over the country members of their congregations, and, though this is less the case in the towns, even there the discipline is very tight. There are two great *fasas* in the year—one in Lent, and the other during the month of August. The former the Greek Church has in common with the Roman Catholics; but the latter is peculiar to themselves, though it is connected with some event in the history of the Virgin Mary. On both occasions meat is strictly prohibited, most especially in Lent on the first and last week, and on every Wednesday and Friday. The effect of this is unfavourable to health, and is seen very clearly in the rapid increase of fever during the summer *fasa*.

The villages throughout Corfu are small, and some of them have an air of desolation singularly contrasting with the rather lively, pleasant appearance of others. It is not always the unhealthy villages that look the dullest; but the general absence of the people during the day, and the fact that they live much more out of the house than in it at all times, helps to account for this appearance.

Two or three of the villages are placed, like eagles' nests, on the top of almost inaccessible hills, evidently for the sake of security. Others are built on ledges half way up the hill, and immediately over those unhealthy marshes that are so numerous and mischievous. A few are concealed, and only appear when we come close to them; but very few indeed occupy the positions that one would have expected in the plains and near the sea, where access by boats would be easy. There is good reason for all this. The island of Corfu has been haunted about from one Power to another so often during its long history of 3000 years, and its inhabitants have so uniformly suffered in the intervals of possession from its bold, hardy, piratical neighbours always watching them greedily from the opposite shore, that

they wisely avoid exposing anything they value, and are apt to make access to their dwellings difficult rather than easy. It is true, that since the English occupation the roads constructed to the villages have made this hiding more and more difficult; but the habits of a hundred generations are not easily changed, and even if the mountaineer has little of the blood of the old, free Greek he has enough intelligence, acuteness, and shrewdness to remain in the background, to get what he can, and to keep carefully hoarded all he can get.

Although formerly celebrated for their roughness and want of hospitality, the Corfiotes are now quiet and friendly, but not very much inclined to be sociable with the English. This arises partly from a proud feeling that, as they cannot afford to outshine the stranger and go beyond him on his own ground, they prefer doing nothing. They are certainly not wanting either in gratitude or kindly feeling.

It is the custom in the islands to offer a cup of coffee to every one who makes a formal morning call; and this custom, essentially Oriental, is sometimes taken up by the English settled in Corfu. Many of these, however, have married Greek wives, and thus have become half-naturalised. The Greek wife under such circumstances is almost always rather shy, but well instructed, and she rarely fails in any points of English etiquette. A Greek lady among her own people is still much excluded from society, and indeed, till married, is rarely seen. Afterwards, though in Corfu the customs of England prevail for the most part, there is still a certain reserve that strikes an Englishman when he comes in the way of it for the first time.

The President of the Septinsular Republic lives at Corfu, in a residence adjacent to the palace. His position, though well defined, is peculiar, and so decidedly inferior in all respects to that of the Lord High Commissioner, and even the Commander of the Forces, that there seems little cordiality among these functionaries. Perhaps if he were fortunate enough to preside over a less troublesome and more practical assembly, if he honestly endeavoured to induce, and could succeed in inducing, the assembly to think more of the material interests of their country and less of speculative politics, he would gain in consideration as much as the islands would gain in quietness and increased prosperity. Perhaps his presidential cap is as troublesome a symbol of power as those crowns that render many a head uneasy. Certainly, it is a mere symbol, and is not likely to become anything else.

After all, Corfu is a pleasant place, and gay enough to please those who are fond of dinners and picnics and balls. It has a bright, clear sky, and a multitude of charming rides and drives in many directions. It is neither so small as to make those feel cramped whose duty retains them there, nor so large as to allow any individual to lose sight of the fact that he is a member of society, and that something is expected of him. Charming situated, and having good markets and fair shops supplied with every essential, there is really every inducement to visit it; and, judging from the number of the yachts during winter, and the multitude of those who make it a halting-place in their journeys from the East or Egypt towards England, affords sufficient proof that it is so regarded.

It is, unfortunately, very indifferently supplied with hotel accommodation; and there would have been a capital opportunity for a Corfu Hotel Company (Limited) had it not been for the threatened resignation of the English Protectorate. And that, after all, is the point to which we must come back before concluding.

Corfu is to be given up. That it is profitable to England no one can say; and that England is profitable to it, though clear to most Englishmen, would perhaps be doubted by some Ionians. But, whatever happens, it must be admitted that a little preparation is desirable for Greece is still in a doubtful and restless state, and will certainly be unfit to take the management of an island like Corfu before she is thoroughly and firmly settled. Corfu, at the present moment, given over as a present to Greece, would as surely render the settlement of that country impossible, as the presence of a white elephant is understood to ruin the poor victim of Imperial munificence. Greece alone could neither manage Corfu nor the Corfiotes. She could not man the forts and citadel. She could hardly prevent civil war, and would be powerless to stop the Albanians should they take it into their heads to ravage the country. Even then, if nominally given up, our Army and Navy ought for a time continue to protect this place in the interests of humanity and policy. The people will lose the firm guiding hand on which they have been accustomed to rely for help in every emergency, and our country must continue some of the expenditure to which she has become accustomed, though with even less of that power to do good which for many years she has used with so much reserve. The word has been uttered, and the association will, no doubt, soon be dissolved. Let us hope that the future of this beautiful island will do no discredit to its early history and recent progress, but that the population will increase and the trade develop, and that all those improvements which England might have made within the last half century may be brought about during the next fifty years without any check to or interference with the material benefits she has really conferred.

D. T. ASSTED.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

THE extraordinary success of M. Gounod's "Faust" is still the chief subject of discussion in all musical circles. In spite of the determined opposition which the opera has met with from one or two of our contemporaries, who seem to act upon the principle of condemning all that is new in order to keep up a semblance of mental superiority to the rest of mankind, and to act systematically on the principle of condemning all new works that have won general acceptance, and of lauding to the skies those original operas to which no audience will listen—in spite, we say, of this strenuous but idle and helpless opposition, the latest setting of the "old, old story" raises nightly enthusiasm in an audience crowding the theatre to the very roof. Irrespective of the error in judgment thus betrayed, it is strange that skilful and practised journalists, who, as a general rule, are emphatically men of the world, should be so blinded by prejudice or so warped in mind by foregone conclusions as to be unable to realise how suicidal is their conduct. It is utterly impossible but that an opera which has at once excited the most vivid enthusiasm in whatever city it has been given, and which in each city has ever since kept steady possession of the stage, must have extraordinary merit. Such unanimity of praise has seldom been bestowed upon any work as upon M. Gounod's "Faust."

The cognoscenti who delight in abstruse harmonic combinations and in new orchestral expedients, and the unsophisticated music-lovers whose less-trained organisations demand no hing but strongly-defined melody and dramatic effect, are equally gratified. In France, where declamation is rated higher than singing; in Germany, where the orchestra may be said to be regarded as much as any of the dramatis personae; and in Italy, where the audiences hang upon the lips of the principal singers and care for nothing else, the opera has been hailed with equal pleasure, and redemanded with equal persistence. In Berlin, indeed, the city which claims to be considered as the true Modern Athens, and in which disrespect to the maenads of Goethe is therefore likely to be visited with most speedy punishment, the new "Faust" became so popular that two prime donne were expressly engaged to personate Marguerite on alternate evenings, the work being demanded so persistently that no one lady could, unassisted, sustain the labour that devolved upon her.

Of the two thus employed, the more celebrated and popular, Mlle. Lucca, is, report says, engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre, where she will, we presume, replace Mlle. Titiens. The other chief chiefs of Germany have received the work with no less favour than that accorded to it at Barcelona and at Milan. The Théâtre Lyrique, too, has already, in spite of its change of locale, its frequent change of managers, and its almost unchanging ill-luck, witnessed more than three hundred representations of "Faust." Are we not right in maintaining that a work which has triumphantly braved so many extraordinary tests must needs have extraordinary merit?

Those of our readers who were unfortunate enough to witness the ridiculous parody of "Faust," produced with wonderful scenic completeness and singular harmonic incapacity at the Princess's some years ago, need only be reminded that the version operated by Messrs. Barber and Carré bears a considerable likeness to it, the merely

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